GOD SAVE THE KING!

1 5 1914

The October

ROYAL

4½ NET

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STILL ON THE ACTIVE LIST
AND IN UNIFORM GOOD HEALTH

THANKS TO

BEECHAM'S PILLS

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Photo Wrather & Bay.

Miss Gladys Cooper and the "Royal."

Last month it was my privilege to announce that Miss Gladys Cooper had consented to edit this number of the "Royal." It was to be a "pretty girl" number. Miss Cooper threw herself into the work of editing with the greatest enthusiasm; everything was discussed, approved, and settled, and she left town for a well-earned holiday.

Then the war broke out.

In the circumstances we felt that a frivolous "pretty girl" number would be out of place. Men were dying on the Belgian frontier; old civilian friends had gone away on mobilisation in their service kit; people went about silently with set faces.

Accordingly, we have modified the nature of the October "Royal" to match the situation. It proved impossible to consult Miss Cooper, who, as it happened, was beyond the reach of letters and telegrams, and, in any case, could not have re-edited the number from a distance. Consequently, as she has been unable to pass the greater part of the contents of this issue, we did not feel justified in sending it out in her name.

We hope readers of the "Royal" will realise that our disappointment in this matter is as great as theirs, and that they will share our satisfaction on hearing that Miss Cooper has very kindly promised to come to our assistance again at the return of more peaceful times.

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Charlin

"PRO PATRIA SEMPER."
From the Painting by Henri Charlin.

E. Fiorillo, Paris.

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A BEVY of BEAUTY

Where are the most beautiful girls to be found? Some say in Society, while others say on the Stage. Photographs of both will be found on the following pages, and we leave our readers to decide this momentous question.

The
COUNTESS OF LISBURNE.
One of the chief events of the social season this year was the marriage of Mdlle. Regina de Bittencourt and the Earl of Lisburne.

COUNTESS NADA TORBY
Is the younger of the two beautiful daughters of the Grand Duke Michael of Russia and Countess Torby. Countess Nada is extremely fond of sport and everything connected with outdoor life.

Photos Lallie Charles.

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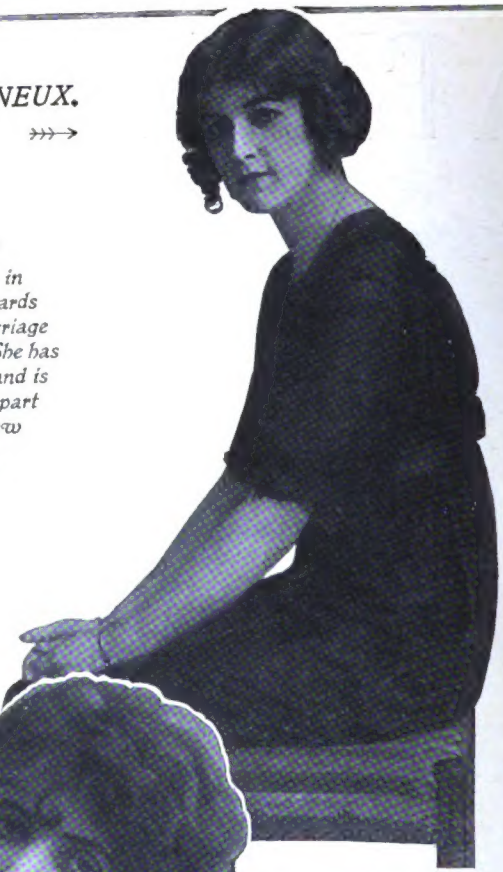
Miss EILEEN MOLYNEUX.

Miss Eileen Molyneux, who has been playing so delightfully in "Not Likely," made her first appearance in "Gipsy Love," afterwards taking part in the "Marriage Market" for a short time. She has been captured by America, and is now playing an important part at the Winter Garden, New York, but she has promised to come back next Spring for the Alhambra Revue.



Photo, Foulsham & Banfield.

Photo, Rita Martin.

Mdlle. GINA PALERME.

This charming French actress appeared recently at the Ambassadors' Theatre with a French company, and at once became a favourite. Her admirers will be pleased to hear that she is to appear at a popular musical comedy theatre this autumn.

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The LADY RACHAEL STURGIS.

Another beautiful bride of this season is Lady Rachael Sturgis, the second daughter of the Earl and Countess of Wharncliffe. She is a typical English girl, and devoted to country life.

Miss MURIEL BLACK.

The year 1914 has seen a remarkable number of beautiful **débutantes**, *not the least attractive among them being Miss Muriel Black, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Black. She is much admired wherever she goes, and enjoys immense popularity.*

Photos Lallie Charles.

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Miss EMMY WEHLEN

Has appeared in many musical plays, among them being "The Dollar Princess" and "The Girl on the Film." Her performance in the latter play, in which she took the part of Freddy, was especially charming.

Miss
BLANCHE STOCKER.

It was while she was playing in America in "The Girl on the Film" that pretty Miss Blanche Stocker was engaged for "Potash and Perlmutter," in which she is now playing the principal woman's part. Miss Stocker is well known to all lovers of musical comedy, as she has played in the last four pieces at the Gaiety Theatre.

Photos Ellis Martin.

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THE HON. CLARISSA TENNANT.

A lovely 1914 débutante is the Hon. Clarissa Tennant, the only daughter of Lord and Lady Glenconnor. Her father is Lord High Commissioner of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, and he subscribed very largely to the Prince of Wales' War Fund.

Mrs. OSCAR LEWISOHN.

Before her marriage Mrs. Oscar Lewisohn was known all over the world as Miss Edna May, the fascinating Salvation Army lassie in the "Belle of New York." Both she and her husband, who is well-known on the turf, are very popular in Society.

Photos Lalitte Charles.

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Miss JULIA JAMES.

Admirers of Miss Julia James will be pleased to know that she will probably appear in the "Intime" Revue at the Ambassadors' Theatre. This pretty young actress' latest triumph has been in the part of Fifi, in the highly successful revival of "The Belle of New York."

Miss MODESTA DALY.

Miss Modesta Daly was one of the most beautiful in the lovely string of "Pearl Girls," and toured in a leading part in this gorgeous musical comedy. Everybody will rejoice to hear that she is to appear in the new play at Daly's Theatre.

Photos *Rita Martin.*

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Owner III. of the Climax.

A Motor-Cycling Story.

By Ivie Hertslet.

It was in the window of a dirty little third-rate bicycle repair shop, in a Brighton back street, that he saw it first—a beautiful, sleek, six-horse, three-speed Climax, painted a particular shade of dove grey. It had the long, sweeping low lines of that perfect make, the unmistakable well-bred look, the powerful build, and yet gracious raciness Pangbourne knew so well. He had always held a Climax the queen of motor bicycles, and, even secondhand, a pinnacle beyond the reach of his modest income, but he could not refuse himself the pleasure of asking the price at least.

He hesitated a minute, and then went into the dark shop, ringing a hidden bell violently as his foot pressed the door-mat. To the grimy little, red-eyed man who appeared abruptly, he put his question:

"What's the price of the Climax in the window?"

The little man for some reason wiped his hands on his overalls, and became garrulous.

Now, this was a bargain, a real genuine bargain; engine in perfect running order, side-car the latest shape, a 1914 model, only just out of the manufacturer's hands; only been on the road for a fortnight.

"All right," said Pangbourne, himself an engineer, "all right. Get it off your chest! What's the lowest, eh?"

The little man looked sideways, and up and down.

"Thirty pounds," he said hoarsely as though it hurt him to utter a blasphemy.

"Good heavens!"

Pangbourne pushed his cap back and stared.

"Good Heavens!" he exclaimed again, then—

"What's wrong with it, eh?"

The little man paused, again wiping his greasy hands upon his still more greasy overalls.

"Nothin'," he said; "no-thing whatever. It's a fluke—that's what it is, a regular fluke to get a machine like that for the price that's asked—I give you *my* word, sir. Why the gent asked so low I can't say; I told 'im it was ridiculous, but it's 'is business so long as I make my little bit; only I tell you I told 'im if 'e'd let me keep it a day or so I'd make sixty quid of it.

"'No,' 'e says, 'get rid of it to-day, Hicks. I don't care what she goes for!' And that's the truth, sir, I'm telling you."

"What's wrong with her, then?" asked Pangbourne once more.

"She runs *beautiful*, sir—in perfect condition, only a fortnight old." Nevertheless the little man appeared nervous; his red eyes had a glint of anxiety in them that did not deceive Pangbourne.

"There's something wrong," he said coolly. "There *must* be—or the chap's mad."

"She's had two owners, sir," said the little man with an air of making a great concession, "an' each gent 'ad 'er just a week, but you try 'er, sir, an' see for yourself."

Together they rolled the beauty out into the street.

Pangbourne had lost his heart completely by now. There was the side-car, too, a lovely low torpedo shape upholstered in dove grey. He imagined Pansy in that, sitting beside

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him, flying along a straight, white road with the ridge of downs before them, and a good swirl of dust behind—Pansy rosy, smiling and happy. He imagined also a rush home when it was getting dusk, after a day in the country spent with her, and while there were still many miles to go.

He got across the bicycle, and the little man Hicks seated himself in the precious side-car; a preliminary purr, a slow movement forward, and the Climax shot off like a bird.

Hicks had not lied; she was in splendid running order. When they slowed down Pangbourne had made up his mind. He let the little man get down, and sat waiting.

"I'll have her," he said. "Look here, will you take a cheque?"

He was smiling, and his eyes shone; he scarcely believed his luck.

"I'm Pangbourne, the chief engineer at Hambley's Works, you know, over the Downs, Norton way."

"I know your name, sir, an' I know you be sight; my son was in the shops at Hambley's. Yes, I'll take your cheque, sir; thank you—you've got a rare bargain, and that's the truth. Will you ride her off now, or shall I send my son?"

"No, no, I'll take her now. Good-evening."

He laughed with sheer delight, and started the engine.

Flying along the road out of Brighton towards Norton he felt perfectly happy. To-morrow he would tell Pansy, old Hambley's daughter, when he met her as usual down in the May fields at dusk.

What times that meant for them together! Now he, too, could ride in to the works every day from Norton. No more slow, nasty little country train, but always an exhilarating run through the wind in the early morning.

Suddenly, for no reason as he said afterwards, he felt depressed; it was a strange sense of utter dejection that enveloped him. It seemed to come to him from without, as the presence of unhappiness in others sometimes affects the atmosphere. His spirits sank, and he felt utterly despairing. Yet it was a glorious evening, and the Climax was running like a bird in flight, perfectly.

There was a sharp turn just at the end of the road; a little stone wall ran out at right angles, and curved sharply round to a cross road. Here a triangle of red warned unwary motorists of the dangerous corner. Pangbourne looked ahead; he was going very fast, and above the hedge through the rising mist he saw a large lorry advancing at a good speed, filling nearly the whole of the narrow road.

Thinking swiftly and quite cool, he closed the throttle, meaning to slow down and take the corner gently. To his utter amazement nothing happened; the speed increased if anything, the machine flew on. With a gasp he raised the exhaust just in time, and stopped almost dead.

The driver of the lorry stared at him in a kind of horror as he blundered laboriously by.

"You ought ter be shut up," he announced, "takin' a corner like that, with a lady, too!"

His face, peering down at Pangbourne, showed utter disgust.

Pangbourne was too surprised and too angry to reply. What did the silly fool mean about a lady? There was no lady with him, but there was something wrong with the machine; there must be.

"Why didn't it slow down when I closed the throttle?" he murmured.

He got down, swearing softly, and briefly examined the carburetter. As far as he could tell roughly, everything was in good order; the throttle worked beautifully.

He mounted again and started on his way. Again the unreasonable depression stole over him; he felt terribly wretched, and his future seemed black and desolate. Pansy, the girl he loved and who, he thought, cared for him, suddenly appeared hopelessly beyond his reach—she, the daughter of the owner of the works, and he a mere chief engineer, even though old Hambley liked him and had seemed pleased when he called at the house.

He rode on till his mood was almost unbearable, and not until he reached his rooms in the little village of Norton, and the Climax was safely housed in the shed at the farm next door, was he able to throw off the blackness that brooded over his mind.

After supper he lit a pipe and strolled down to the May fields near the river. When she could slip out after dinner at the big red house, Pansy came to meet him there. He waited, leaning against a white gate, until a little step sounded on the dew-wet path, and a voice called:

"Are you there, Billy?"

"I'm here, darling, by the gate."

Pangbourne held out his hands and she came quickly, and let him kiss her.

"Dear, such luck!" he said. "I've bought a Climax."

"Billy! They're so expensive!"

Pansy was a very small, very proud little

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He was going very fast, and above the hedge through the rising mist he saw a large lorry advancing at a good speed, filling nearly the whole of the narrow road.

person. Her great violet eyes had given her her name. Just now, wrapped in a big coat with a wisp of pink chiffon over her brown hair, she looked adorable. Billy Pangbourne had to kiss her again before he could tell her anything more.

"I got it for thirty pounds, kiddy," he said, "an absolute ripper, a fortnight old, with a topping side-car made for you. You must see her."

She jumped gaily, laughing like a child. "Oh, Billy! *Really?* How lovely!"

"It was in Hicks's, in Brighton; it had only been in the shop one hour, and I saw it just in time. It would have been fairly snapped up, of course. Darling, you must come out with me in it on Saturday, if——"

He paused.

"Will your people let you?"

She pressed her face against his sleeve.

"Your father isn't awfully fed up at our—well, liking each other, is he, kiddy? And I'm not going to keep on meeting you here secretly any more. I'm going to tell him."

"Billy!" She hid her face closer.

"Kiddy, will he be frightfully angry—kick me downstairs, or anything?"

"No!"

She lifted her face laughing.

"He knows—I told him. It's—it's all all right, Billy."

He took her in his arms.

"I'll see him to-morrow, darling," he whispered, kissing her hair.

The next morning early, Billy Pangbourne was spinning down the road on his Climax to the Works. The white mist hung over the river, the Works rose a solid grey mass beneath the brow of the downs.

Billy's heart was singing in tune with the pleasant purr of his engine. Life was good! Then again and horribly, that cloud of depression sank over him like a doom. He was near the Works and about to turn into

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the great gates, when he saw his chief's motor ahead about to turn in also.

Billy slowed down; it was old Hambley's whim to pay early morning visits to his Works, at odd times, and Billy, smiling, raised his hand. Old Hambley was leaning back, but when he saw Billy he leant forward; his face was red and angry, and a called-out "Good morning" hung arrested on his lips.

Then the motor swung through the gates and vanished round the sheds. Billy rode in slowly. He felt utterly dejected. Old Hambley disliked him after all; his friendliness had been false; he did not think him good enough to marry Pansy.

All day he tried to get a moment to speak to his chief, but everything was against it; he could not fight circumstance. First Mr. Hambley was engaged with new plans, then lunch intervened and Billy's own work took him over to the other side of the river. It was not till late in the afternoon Billy met him on the steps of the office.

"Can I speak to you, sir?" he asked quietly.

Mr. Hambley was very dignified; he drew himself up. Disapproval showed itself in his attitude, anger displayed itself in his little eyes; his beard bristled with hostility, it seemed to Billy.

"I am not at liberty to see you now, Pangbourne."

"But sir, it's about—it's about Pansy. I want to speak about her. I have been meaning to for a long time."

"Then you are crowning an injury with insult, sir. Do not dare to mention my daughter's name, after what I saw this morning—unless—" he paused. "Have you a sister?" he asked suddenly.

Pangbourne stared. "A sister? No! What on earth has that got to do with Pansy and me? Do let me speak, sir! Have I offended you? What have I done? I'm not a rich man, but I'm doing well now, and I shall do better soon. There is that new carburetter of mine, that ought to bring me in a decent enough income now it is safely launched, and Pansy cares, and you know I care for her most awfully. She told me you knew, and I——"

"Pangbourne," said old Hambley, "do not keep me now; I can't answer you in any way. You choose to brazen out an insult, I consider. It is true, I did like you, but after this morning——"

He pushed past Pangbourne, got into his car, and drove off without another word.

Billy was a determined young man. He knocked off work, went spinning back to his cottage lodgings, changed, and once more mounted his Climax and headed for the big Red House on the hill, where Pansy lived with her father.

They had nearly finished dinner when he was admitted to the large entrance hall, and the butler opened the door of the library.

"Coffee is served here to-night, sir. Will you wait here? I will tell Mr. Hambley."

"No, Scott," Billy said quickly, "I want to see Miss Pansy. Shall I go into the drawing-room? Tell her I'm here, Scott; I want to see her alone."

Sympathetic, behind his butler's mask, Scott bowed.

"Yes, sir."

Billy paced up and down the long grey drawing-room fiercely pondering till the door opened softly, a ray of light stole in, and Pansy with it. She had on a mauve dress, and a scarf of mauve tulle edged with fur trailed over her slight shoulders and arms, thinly veiling them.

She switched on the light and came over to him; he saw her face was white but she was smiling.

"Billy dear," she said, "I'm glad you came; now you will be able to explain away all this silly nonsense—it *is* so silly, about some—girl—father saw you with this morning, very early. You know how particular father is; I said you might take out fifty girls—you would tell *me* all about it, and why they—were there—and——"

She laughed, but Billy saw tears in her eyes.

"I am *rather* jealous—I can't help it—only I'm trying to be sensible. Who was she?"

"My dear child"—Billy put his hands on her shoulders—"what on *earth* are you driving at? Who was who? I swear I haven't spoken to a girl or a woman since I saw you last night except the old landlady. Where did your father see me?"

"On the way to the works, early this morning. She—she was in the side-car, beside you. Father said she had most extraordinary hair, very, very fair, and heaps of it; she was dressed—well, Billy, she sounds awfully actressy—in white, father said; a white fur coat with a white veil floating out behind, and she was looking up at you—as if she rather liked you."

"Good heavens, what absolute rot! No, Pansy, it really is—do you imagine I should take an actress about the country roads, on

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What happened then he never knew . . . but there was a sharp sound like a pistol shot, and the road seemed to shoot up suddenly and hit him on the head.
(*Page 494, col. 2.*)

my way to work at 6.30 in the morning? Think, my dear—think. And may I ask what I did with the lady when I went into the yard? Did I drop her to walk three miles to the station or put her in my pocket, fur coat and all? Oh, Pansy, father must have dined last night in Brighton."

"No, but Billy, do you mean to say father imagined it? Isn't it true?"

She put her hands on his broad shoulders, standing on the tip-toe of her little satin shoes and reaching up to him.

He met her eyes honestly, fairly.

"I promise you, Pansy, I was alone."

She smiled. As long as he lived Billy never forgot that smile of trust and love, against odds, great odds.

"Then I believe you," she said, "and I'*ll* stick to you *whatever* father says. It will be jolly difficult! Father declares he won't let you come to the house, and he won't let us be engaged—but, even if I don't see you *often* for a time, oh, I know it will be hard, but, remember, *I'm* trusting you and believing in you. I'll meet you at the gate sometimes, and when father sees we're determined, and when he sees"—she broke off hesitating—"you really care, and forgets this absurd nonsense, things will come right, old boy. Good-night; go now."

They kissed, a long close kiss, and after he had gone she stood in the hall listening till the throb of the Climax purring down the drive had faded away into silence. Then,

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like a child very tired and unhappy, she went upstairs and cried.

During the black fortnight that followed Billy did not see her. Every day he rode to the Works, and back, and old Hambley treated him with marked coldness and distance. Moreover, Billy was always being seized with that unaccountable distress and depression. Everything seemed against him.

He went several times to the gate at dusk and waited, but Pansy never came; only once, like a ray of light in those dark weeks, a little note was handed to him by stately Scott, the butler, with a whispered:

"From Miss Pansy, sir."

It just said she trusted him, and he was to wait; it sent her love and lots of kisses, but Billy saw the sorrow and tears and hope between the little scribbled lines and that day he was almost happy.

It was a half holiday. The sun shone warmly, the curly clouds beckoned in a blue sky, the long white road curved temptingly under the rolling downs, and Billy ran his Climax out and prepared for a long spin. He mounted and started off, taking the road out into the country away from the Works. Down the road he ran towards Mereham woods, down the little hill and up the long steep test hill at Barford. The Climax carried him like a bird, the engine pulling beautifully.

Suddenly, far ahead of him on the crest of the downs, he saw a horse with a rider; they were coming slowly down to the road. It was Pansy.

He recognised her at once; only Pansy sat a horse like that; besides, she rode her bay mare, the sun shining on the light satiny coat. She was coming towards him, nearer and nearer. He blessed his fate and went on to meet her.

All his life he remembered that ride down to Barford Deep, where the downs meet the road: the early mist, grey and gold, the green hedges with the smell of spring in them, and Pansy coming nearer to him in bright sunlight.

Looking back afterwards he remembered that he forgot all the barriers between them, the absurd misunderstanding caused by old Hambley's imagination, everything, except that weeks had passed and he had not seen her, and now she was here, sweet and lovely and trusting. She waved to him and the bay mare broke into a canter; she had gained the road; in a second they would be abreast.

Then the wonder happened. He saw Pansy stiffen in her saddle, saw her throw her head back and stare, saw her face change palpably, whiten and harden, and her eyes lose their kindliness, and fix him coldly. He had slackened speed, and prepared to stop, but the girl did not draw rein; instead she gave him one look and cut him—cut him dead. Cold, pale, agonised, she rode by him, looking to neither right nor left.

His mouth was dry, his heart beat. So that was the end? He scarcely knew what he did, but one thing he knew: that first look of Pansy's had been at the side-car, not at him. Involuntarily, he glanced down. Clutching his handle-bars, he stared, and as he stared, the cold sweat broke out on his forehead and neck, and his breath shortened.

There, beside him, sat a woman, her profile clearly outlined against the green hedge. She wore a white coat and cap, a long veil of white thin stuff blew out behind her, her hair, very fair and loosened, hung in light, fluffy curls over her cheek. All round her he saw a thin aura of pale light, and then he knew she was no real woman; she was a wraith, something infinitely frail and sad and wistful, something out of a beyond he did not understand.

"My God!" he said. "My God!"

What happened then he never knew, whether the steering-gear went wrong, or if he lost his head, or if he fainted, but there was a sharp sound like a pistol shot, and the road seemed to shoot up suddenly and hit him on the head; there was a taste of dust and blood in his mouth, and pain, great pain, that blotted out everything.

When he came back to consciousness he saw first the bay mare; she was cropping grass by the roadside, clinking her bit and stamping her off hoof.

So, if the bay mare was there, Pansy was not far away, Pansy——

He tried to move.

"It hurts like blazes, Pansy."

"Dear—dear old boy." Pansy spoke to him; a tear fell on his face; she was bending over him crying.

"Pansy—I—yes, I'm all right. What happened? Where's—the bike? Smashed, eh? Well, it's a good thing; I don't care. "Ah!"—he clutched her arm—"you saw—you saw—*her?*"

"Yes, dear, I saw."

She shivered.

"It was—I had never seen before, but just before I smashed up—I did," he said.

"A girl in white?"

"Yes, a white coat and a lot of fair hair, and a tragic face."

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They were silent. Pansy knelt beside him as he lay. Her habit was dusty, and her eyes terrified, but with something of relief behind their terror.

"You cut me, Pansy."

A faint smile quivered at the corner of her mouth.

"Because of a—a ghost," she whispered. "I thought—you see what I thought."

He nodded, and hauled himself slowly up into a sitting position; then he looked round. The Climax was twisted, smashed, and broken; it was buried unceremoniously in the hedge.

"But, Billy," she took his hand, "fancy father seeing anything like that. Billy, there must have been something before. We must find out the story, but father will *never* believe, never. He *is* so material."

It was the little man in the bicycle shop in the back street who told them when they went to see him the story of the white girl in the side-car.

"*Saw* it, did you?" he said. "So did the other gent what had the bike before you. 'E saw 'er, and he was fair upset; that's why 'e sold it so cheap."

"But who was the first owner?" Billy asked.

The little man leant over the counter and emphasised his words with the gesture of a grimy hand.

"'Oneymoon it was," he said, "'oney-moon couple on a weddin' tour; 'e threw 'er out an' killed 'er, though the bike wasn't hurt."

"Billy, how awful!"

Pansy slipped her hand in his.

"Yus," said the little man, "yer can see it all—the weddin', and 'er in 'er white coat, smilin' and wavin' 'er 'andkerchief, an' 'im ridin' beside 'er; an' then the accident, and 'er thrown out under a dray and killed. They say she was nineteen and he only two years older. Gone abroad 'e 'as. Like a dead man 'e was, they say—stunned."

He smoothed his hair back and repeated: "Stunned, they say 'e was."

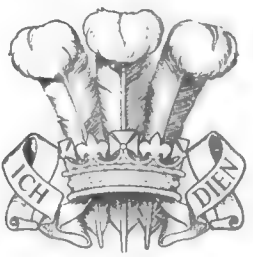
Pansy wiped her eyes openly with her little handkerchief.

"Yus," went on the little man, "there's queer things about, there is, sir—more than wot you and I can understand, and that's a fact," and though Billy agreed with him in the dark little shop, and presently he and Pansy went and explained to father, old Hambley never quite credited the explanation.

"Ghosts?" he said, "don't talk nonsense, my boy. I'll give you both another chance, only no more golden-haired ghosts, now!"

He looked knowing, for he was, as Pansy said, a material man.

I am sure that everybody—men, women, and children—will want to contribute towards the National Relief Fund, which was started by the Prince of Wales just before he left to join his regiment.—Editor R.M.



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.....

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MY FAVOURITE UGLY GIRL.

Although artists are supposed to worship beauty, some of them have a tiny corner in their heart for the plain girl. We have persuaded well-known artists (humorous) to depict the type of ugliness which most appeals to them.

By Sidney Mattingly.

Ladies of the type chosen by Mr. Alfred Leete are, unfortunately very general.

Beauty never was more than skin deep, and in the present day of beauty doctors it is often not even that. Many complexions will not stand a shower of rain, but, provided that the climatic conditions are all right, the modern girl can always acquire a complexion, an abundance of hair, and a form divine, whatever her original equipment may be.

In fact, beauty is nowadays a drug on the market. A new fashion is due, and it will undoubtedly be ugliness—not of an extreme or outrageous nature, of course, but something interesting and a trifle *bizarre*.

The girl who is beautiful, whether naturally or by art, is an expensive luxury. Her form must be draped in becoming, costly drapery, her head must be covered with a confection "absurdly cheap at three or four guineas," and her shapely ankle must be revealed as much as concealed by the filminess of her silk stockings. With the ugly woman it will be different. She will wear homespun clothes, worsted stockings, and sensible boots. She will not want the vote, though she will deserve to have it.

But this, of course, is a dream of the future. The ugly girl is as non-existent to-day as the dodo. I know this from the experience of a personal friend of mine. He was one of those young, stolidly ambitious men who wear gold watch-chains before they are thirty, never indulge in frivolous thoughts of love before middle age, and grow a beard for the sake of economy.

Mr. Starr Wood's ideal evidently does not know the way in which her portrait is to be used.

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The type of girl selected by Mr. Reg. F. Smith has yet to be discovered—namely, one plain enough to make a man look handsome.

Well, dear old Henry had just celebrated his thirty-ninth birthday when he suddenly discovered that his housekeeper had developed a taste for a choice old vintage port—it was his sole extravagance—of which he had lain down a couple of bins. Henry sacked the housekeeper, and, after painful consideration, decided—as the smaller of two evils—to marry, and he came to me to ask to be introduced to a few likely girls.

"Of course, she must be pretty," he said, "but what I want as well is a good, sensible girl who'll take an interest in the housekeeping and my socks, and if port doesn't agree with her, so much the better."

Well, Henry was a fair sort of investment, so I trotted out two or three attractive maidens I had been unable to marry myself, gave them the tip about the port, and awaited developments.

Henry is one of the very best in spite of his peculiarities, but the most extravagant flatterer could not call him good-looking. His face is vaguely reminiscent of bull-dogs, prizefighters, and the Pilgrim Fathers. Henry had been satisfied enough with it before, but after he had spent about a fortnight in considering the rival charms of the three maidens I had introduced him to, he came to me looking worried. I asked him what was the trouble.

"None of them will do," he said shortly.

"I'm sorry," I said. "I must find you something else. I thought you'd have liked Lilian, too, if not Clarice—and there's something about Marjorie that I fancied might appeal to you. Have you been to Daly's lately? I hear there's rather a nice little thing in the chorus who's just broken off her engagement to an earl—you might think her pretty enough, if she's all right on the port question."

Henry shook his head.

"It isn't that," he said gloomily. "I've been taking Clarice and Marjorie and Lilian about for the last fortnight, and wherever I go I always see people sniggering and hear them whispering. Sometimes I hear what

Mr. Leo Cheney is not content with an ordinary plain girl; his ideal must be artistically ugly.

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Mr. Weldon Halliday's favourite girls are those who accentuate their richness by adopting loud clothes, and yet cause many a youth to sigh with admiration.

they say and sometimes I don't—but I always know. They're saying 'Beauty and the Beast,' or words to that effect. I'm not sensitive," he went on plaintively, "but I'm going to marry a wife that matches me, if she is to be found."

I expostulated with him, of course, and told him it wasn't fair to put Lilian and Clarice and Marjorie to the trouble of fascinating him for a fortnight for nothing, but he was firm, and said that he looked to me to help him.

However, I was disgusted, and washed my hands of the whole business. I saw Marjorie and Lilian and Clarice, of course, told them of Henry's absurd objection to a pretty wife, and apologised for the bother they had had.

"He wants a wife to match himself," I explained. I naturally thought that was the end of the matter, but it wasn't. I had underrated the resources, it seems, of Marjorie, Clarice, and Lilian—particularly of Lilian. It was at the theatre that I made the discovery. I was there with Marguerite—at least, I fancy that was her name, but it was some weeks ago, so I cannot be sure—when to my astonishment I saw Henry sitting in a box with a girl, whom I did not recognise. He had an expression on his face like an idiot sheepdog, so I knew at once that he was engaged.

Between the acts I naturally paid them a visit. Henry welcomed me effusively.

"You are just in time to congratulate me on my engagement to Lilian," he said.

I looked, staggered slightly, then realised the truth. It *was* Lilian. Her complexion was gone, her hair had lost its sheen, her dress did not fit. I stammered some sort of a congratulation. I had not given Lilian credit for such a brain wave; she had converted herself into the plainest girl you could meet—and Henry was satisfied.

When I returned to Marguerite she said:

"Whoever is that handsome man you have been talking to?"

This was the greatest compliment to Lilian's plainness that she could have paid.

Mr. Thomas Henry prefers the lady slavey type of girl.

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A Career for Corona

"Oh, what has become of the girls I used to know?"
—Song.

By F. L. Morgan.

I.

With a sick feeling of failure and impending disaster, Mr. Corsellis swung his chair round from his desk and faced his son.

"Doesn't it strike you, Billy, that you are not only unreasonable, but ungrateful as well? You are perfectly aware that I have always counted on having you in the business. Where would Corsellis & Son be without you to carry on the firm after me?"

Billy Corsellis was young. He had a round face, now rather pink, but of a frank and engaging expression. His fair hair was plastered in a neat and particularly unbecoming fashion close to his well-shaped head. He was sitting on a corner of the table, and at his father's last remark he crossed and uncrossed his white-spatted ankles, and grew a shade pinker in countenance.

"I'm frightfully sorry, pater," he said, "but I'm no good here, and never have been. I'd have a chance in Canada—always wanted to go farmin'."

"You must be mad, Billy, to persist in this idea, when there is such a splendid living for you here—and more than that. Some day, as the junior partner of Corsellis and Son——"

"I ought never to have come into it at all, pater," interrupted the boy; "it's a fearful handicap to have sort of expectations

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in a business you hate. It's—it's most demoralising to a chap."

Mr. Corsellis was silent. He was realising that he was beaten. For a moment he felt a childish impulse to cry out to his son not to leave him, for he needed him sorely, but one glance at Billy's calm, youthful face restored his balance.

"Very well," he said quickly, bitterly, "perhaps it would have been better had I yielded to your mother's social ambitions and sold the business long ago. Anyhow, I have no wish to keep you here against your will, Billy. You asked me just now for two hundred pounds to start you in Canada. Take this cheque."

Billy sprang up from the corner of the table, and, grasping his father's hand, he passed his other arm round the broad shoulders and gave the older man a quick boyish hug.

John Corsellis endured the embrace in silence; but when his son had gone, his head dropped down to his desk for a moment. It was the bitterest disappointment of his life.

Billy Corsellis scuttled down the stairs and out into the street, and while waiting for a motor-'bus his eyes turned upwards to the offices of Corsellis & Son, where he had spent three years with his father—wasted years, in his thought. On the first floor of the big corner building, one read in gilt letters on darkened windows that Corsellis & Son were not only Architects and Surveyors, but Auctioneers, Valuers, and General Estate Agents as well.

He was going to make a man of himself in his own way at last, reflected Billy Corsellis, as, feeling the precious cheque in his waistcoat pocket to make sure it was there, he boarded his 'bus and went to Knightsbridge. Here dwelt two cronies of his, brothers, with minds like unto his own and sufficient capital between them to treble Billy's cheque. There was now nothing to prevent the three from making the start they had so long talked about. Only the final details remained to be settled. There was still much to discuss, however, and it was past ten that evening when Billy reached home.

"Where is my father?" he asked of the maid who let him in.

"In the library, sir."

"And the others, Kate?"

"Mrs. Corsellis and Miss Maud are out for the evening, and Miss Corona is up in her room."

"Did she come in to dinner — Miss Corona?"

"Yes, sir."

Billy's last question was permissible, because during the summer months Corona Corsellis frequently gave set meals the go-by, especially those of long duration, preferring to subsist on boiled eggs eaten off a tray in her room, with erratic meals of lettuce and biscuits, fruit and glasses of milk, taken at odd moments, when healthy young appetite prompted. Her family's protests were received with politeness, but had little effect, for Corona (very sweetly and gently) did what she liked.

She believed in personal liberty, she said—especially at home. She was sometimes heard to remark that five or six grown-up people could not possibly live together in harmony and sincere affection unless there existed perfect freedom for each individual. This theory, propounded by Corona, did not suggest selfishness. Indeed, Corona herself was unselfish to a degree unusual in one so young.

She was busy at her desk when Billy's knock sounded on the door, and as she called to him to enter, she hastily thrust several books and papers into a drawer.

"I suppose you've heard, Corona?" said Billy. He was little more than a year older than his sister, and always put a high value on her opinions; indeed, he would scarcely have liked to admit how much.

"About your going to Canada—yes."

"At last! The governor didn't make much fuss—jolly decent of him, I think."

Corona nodded. "When shall you go, Billy?"

"Oh, as soon as poss. Harry and Jim thought in about a fortnight. Great guns! how thankful I am to get out of Corsellis and Son!"

Again Corona nodded sympathetically, but her face was very grave as she said good-night. And although she whispered: "I'm so glad for you, dear old boy; I know you'll do splendidly in Canada," she stood with her hand on the door for quite three minutes after he had gone. Then, very slowly, she went back to her work at her little desk. Corona Corsellis had an understanding heart.

II.

Three weeks later Billy Corsellis left for Canada, with the admonitions, tears, and blessings of his family fresh in his mind. Corona had worked him a pair of wool slippers, and Maudie, who was seventeen,

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made him a linen case with "Pyjamas" embroidered on the outside in pink silk—neither of which useful articles was unpacked for three long, strenuous years.

That he had chosen to leave home on the very day that the Gordons (Mrs. Corsellis' latest conquest in the social world) were to hold their big reception, seemed to the good lady most thoughtless, if not actually inconsiderate of Billy.

"However," said she that evening, some hours after he had sailed, "perhaps it will be just as well for us to go to the Gordons'; it will take our minds off parting with our dear boy."

"Yes, I should certainly go, my dear," replied Mr. Corsellis, raising tired eyes to the richly gowned figure of his wife. "Nothing can fetch Billy back now he has started on the new life he craved for. Why, Corona," he broke off, as she came into the room, "I thought you were going to the Gordons', too."

"So she is," replied Mrs. Corsellis sharply. "Corona, it is time to start, and Maudie is already outside in the car. Why are you not dressed?"

"I couldn't go, mother," answered Corona, with a quick glance at her father, on whose face several lines had come during these last few weeks, and in whose upright shoulders appeared the faintest suspicion of a stoop. "Arthur Gordon is such a nuisance. Besides, I want to have a serious talk with father, all alone, if he has time this evening."

"Corona," said Mrs. Corsellis, with, as it seemed, unnecessary loudness, "I forbid you to approach your father with any of your ridiculous ideas. You will get no sympathy from him!"

"What is it, Corona?" asked her father. "I expect it's something more than sympathy you want, isn't it? Some more drawing lessons, perhaps? Have you revived your childhood's passion for sketching churches and other public buildings?"

"Yes, father—only it is the inside of them and of houses that I've been doing lately. And it's about that I want to talk to you—my career."

Mr. Corsellis smiled and looked at his daughter with pleasure. He did not regard her remark with any seriousness. She was, however, well worth looking at. Mr. Corsellis scarcely considered women as entering into the deepest, most serious side of life. They were to be caressed and sheltered, provided for, and studied in every reasonable way, and a man should be glad and proud to work for and protect them. Moreover, if a man found in his womenfolk sympathetic companions, he was indeed blessed, but to look for mental and intellectual equality was unreasonable. Such were the views that the gradual disillusionment of his own married life had thrust upon John Corsellis.

"Perhaps it would be as well to hear Corona's idea of a career," he said lightly; "so long as they are not connected with the more gory paths of women's suffrage, I think I shall be able to stand the shock."

Corona laughed and coloured at the same time.

"Ah, father," she said quickly, "you think that as long as I am attractive and petted, and loved and looked after, I'll be happy. But I can't be. I want more than that—lots more!"

Mr. Corsellis lighted a cigar with a hand that shook slightly before speaking.

"It seems, my dear Alice," he said to his wife, "that we have failed utterly to make our children happy—first Billy, now Corona. It will be Maud's turn next to demand a new life, and then we shall have young Nigger reproaching us for the way in which we have brought him up!"

Mrs. Corsellis turned from the mirror with a start, and much rustling of her silk evening gown. She had been thinking at the moment how unfair it was that her husband, at the age of forty-seven, should have retained the slimness of youth, while she, for years past, had been too stout to be either elegant or comfortable. She heard his last remark, however.

"What nonsense, John! Corona has everything she wants, and more freedom than is good for her. I'm sure, in my young days, girls were not allowed to think, much less talk, as Corona does. She gets absurd notions into her head, and I'm surprised she hasn't more sense than to speak about them. Don't take any notice of her. Corona, run up and get my cloak. As you are not dressed, I suppose we shall have to go without you. But, mind, I shall ask young Arthur Gordon to call one day next week, or he may think there is some reason for your not going to-night."

"I shall go out if he comes," replied Corona; "I don't like his thoughts."

"Absurd child!" grumbled Mrs. Corsellis following her daughter into the hall, and trying to coax her plump bejewelled hands into a reluctant pair of new white kid gloves.

In the empty dining-room, John Corsellis

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let his cigar go out unsmoked, and allowed a strong sense of desolation to sweep over him uncontrolled. He had placed all his own hopes, centred all his own ambitions in his dearly-loved business, and Billy. Then, with the ruthlessness of youth, Billy had torn the scales from his father's eyes. Corsellis and Son meant nothing to him. He wanted to live his own life in his own way was what he had said, and that was not in the way of his father's appointing. Now the boy had really gone, every minute was bearing him further away, and Mr. Corsellis had never felt so alone in his life.

III.

"Father!"

Corona came into the room with her usual swiftness. She had exchanged her frock for a little plain white dressing-gown, with a turn-down collar, and sleeves to the elbow. She had several books in her hands, and her hair hung in two long plaits of pale gold either side of her small head. In spite of her height, she would have passed for any age between twelve and twenty.

"Father," she began again, a little timidly, "are you too busy?"

He roused himself from his heavy thoughts with a big effort.

"No, of course not. I don't see much of you and Maudie now, Corona; you are always out enjoying yourselves."

She came close to him, sat on the arm of his chair, and went on quickly:

"Do you remember that fortnight you and I had by ourselves at Brighton, when the others had measles?"

"Yes, of course—and a very game little pal you were, my dear. I never enjoyed a holiday more."

"Well, father, I want to go back to that time; see, I have done my hair in the same way. Will you imagine that I am the same as then?"

"It is not very difficult when I look at you, Corona," he said, with a smile, "but what for?"

"Because it will help me to say what I want to."

She slipped an arm round his neck. "Daddy, I don't like this life; it's too empty and meaningless. I must have some interest. I dislike having nothing to do but amuse myself. I'm tired of playing games and looking at shops, and forever wasting my time."

Mr. Corsellis scarcely understood what she said. He was chiefly conscious of a strange, warm little feeling of comfort, stealing down to his heart from the close clasp of his daughter's arm. But he heard the discontent vibrating in the quick, low tones.

"You are nearly nineteen, Corona," he said. "Your business at present is to be a good girl, to look pretty and enjoy yourself. Some day you will have more to fill your life, when Mr. Right comes along——"

"Exactly!" cut in Corona, suddenly stiffening into an upright position on the arm of of his chair. "I knew we should come to that. I know that is what you and mother expect me to wait about for!"

"Corona—that is scarcely a nice way to put it," said Mr. Corsellis, rather feebly however, for the arm was round his neck again, a soft cheek pressed against his. "I don't think your mother would like to hear you say that."

"Mother's ideas on that subject are the outcome of tradition and custom—ridiculous traditions and absurd customs," remarked Corona.

"My dear child," again remonstrated her father, "aren't you forgetting your mother's age and experience?"

"I'm trying to, father! People wouldn't get so old if only they would keep open minds and take the advantages offered by progress and enlightenment. Of course, I shall love to be married some day if I care really properly, and it is the right thing to do. But I don't want to, at present, while in the meantime I know what I do want, what I have wanted for a long time, father darling!"

"You little humbug! But you're very young, Corona, to have such opinions."

"Yes, daddy, but, don't you see, there is a new kind of girl in these days? Don't you see, we are learning to think for ourselves?"

John Corsellis drew the slender form from the arm of his chair into his lap. He had gone back years, and was holding close to his heart his little first-born girl.

"What have I got for a daughter?" he said at last. "Now, Corona, perhaps you will be good enough to take your left-hand pigtail out of the back of my collar, and tell me in plain, simple language, so that my ancient and obsolete order of intelligence may grasp it, what it is exactly that you want!"

"I want to go into business, daddy," said Corona, promptly.

"What business, pray?" asked her father.

"Your business—our business, Corsellis and Son!" whispered Corona.

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"Do you remember that fortnight you and I had by ourselves at Brighton, when the others had measles? . . . Well, father, I want to go back to that time; see, I have done my hair in the same way."

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With a sudden quick movement Mr. Corsellis turned his head and kissed her.

"But, my darling child," he said tenderly, "it is not a woman's profession. What could you do there?"

"I want you to take me as your private secretary, father," answered Corona eagerly. "Those books on the table are full of short-hand—I have taught myself to write it. Nobody knows, but I've kept myself alive doing it. And when I am not busy with you, I want you to let me study domestic architecture—I have made lots of drawings for you to look at."

For some minutes there was complete silence; then Mr. Corsellis stood upright and set his daughter firmly on her feet before him.

"Corona," he said in an extraordinary voice, "if you are really serious about this, we will try it. But what will your mother say? She would as soon know you were in Holloway Prison as in the business!"

"Well," replied Corona, "lots of girls, nicer than I am, have gone to Holloway."

"I doubt it," said her father, going over to the sideboard and pouring out two glasses of wine; "I doubt it very much. Come, Corona, a toast——"

'Yes, father, but mine first!" With shining eyes Corona took the glass and raised it high.

"Billy darling—God keep you!" she said in a voice that shook.

"And now," said Mr. Corsellis, when it had been honoured in silence, "for mine. I drink to Corsellis & Daughter——"

"Oh, daddy," laughed Corona, "don't be ridiculous! I must go to bed now, or I shall be late at the office in the morning!"

* * * * *

Time and time alone was able to convince Mrs. Corsellis that her husband and daughter had not combined together to rob her of all happiness in life; that her social position was not forever ruined, and all her hopes and ambitions fallen dead at her feet. For weeks the poor lady blushed at the very mention of her elder daughter's name in public, and it was even years before she could allude to Corona's professional existence with equanimity.

Neither Mr. Corsellis nor his daughter have ever regretted the day she entered into business relations with Corsellis & Son, despite the fact that, as a business woman, Corona proved herself to be moulded upon a somewhat unusual shape.

"My dear," observed Mr. Corsellis, a little doubtfully, "I think you'll have to have a desk of your own, and not litter mine with your drawings—your very nice drawings, dear. I'll fit you up a desk in the telephone room—just off my office. Your presence, Corona, is so valuable to me that no one—not even Billy, could take your place now. By the way, here is a long letter from him. Read it."

"At last we've got a jolly piece of land," wrote Billy; "a few miles from the great paper mills up the Powell River. Our bit is not cleared yet—we wanted to save as much of our capital as we could for machinery and that, for the real biz—so we're clearing it ourselves, and going to work in the mills in turn—to keep us going without touching our money until we can work our land. It's 'some work,' as they say out here, but it's life, real and good. I've lost half-a-stone, but I'm fitter than I've ever been. We've put up our own shack already, but we've left all our luggage and truck down in Vancouver till we've got our house built."

Corona stopped reading. Her eyes were very bright.

"Oh, daddy," she cried, "isn't it fine—isn't it *fine!*"

THE TARDY LOVER.

"Love was once a little boy"—
So the story goes;
Light his dancing footsteps sped,
Golden was his curly head,
And his pouting lips were red,
Like a budding rose.

Love was just a little boy
When we met, Jack knows;
Now Love's locks are silver-grey—
They'll be white, I dare to say,
Ere we happen on the day
Jack comes to propose!

Gwen Nisbet.

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A THRILLING CINEMA SERIES.

Miss Ruth Roland.

HANDSHAKES With DEATH

AT THE MERCY OF THE WAVES.

Written by Margaret Chute, from the narrative of beautiful Ruth Roland, the world-famous "Kalem" actress.

THEY call me the "Kalem Comedy Girl." Well, it's a good-enough name, and I'm proud to own it. But though, on the screen, I'm "Merry Ruth Roland," it very frequently happens that life is not quite all "comedy," and I'm not invariably "merry" during the acting and production of film plays.

But then, life would be very dull if it was nothing but comedy—or tragedy, wouldn't it? So I'm really rather relieved when adventures come my way, and I am able to experience the strenuous side of life, and drop my smile, while a chunk of "reality" hurls itself at me.

I've acted all my life, since I was a kiddie of five or six. First the legitimate stage claimed me; later, the attractions of film work proved too strong, and I gave up the stage for the studio. I've been playing for the Kalem Company for a long time now, and, Gee! as we say in Yankeeland, I've struck a few adventures, in spite of the fact that my work lies chiefly in "comedy" plays.

You see, I happen to be a strong swimmer, and can ride and row and shoot—did I hear you murmur "what a genius!"—anyhow, I can do a fair number of open-air "stunts," so I'm useful in various ways. In Indian plays I've had several narrow shaves—accidents from crazy horses, and ill-managed rifles. But the story I'd like to tell you, if you have patience to hear it, concerns my very narrowest escape from death—*twice*, in one film.

The story was a Kalem play, called "In Peril of Their Lives"—a real thriller. The action took place in the wildest part of the country available for cinema purposes—and it *was* wild, I can assure you; also, on the seashore, and in a boat amid the breakers. Well, we began cheerily, as usual, and the moment arrived when I had to start on a long tramp across some tangled "jungle" land—the heroine, of course, bent on a dangerous journey.

The main idea was to create a feeling of desolation, and my figure was reproduced on the screen as *small* as possible, wandering in the midst of the "jungle." To achieve this effect I had to walk about three hundred yards away from the producer and operator before the filming began. On I marched, further and further, and realised, by their signals, that the men in command were hard at work. Suddenly, from under my feet, a rattlesnake darted out, and struck upwards at my leg!

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It was an awful moment. Absolutely alone, without a weapon of any sort, in that horrid stretch of tangled undergrowth, I felt helpless. Instinctively, I stepped aside, and stamped on the reptile's head. But I wore soft shoes, with rubber soles, and my vicious stamp failed, lamentably, to dispatch the rattlesnake to a better, happier world. I saw the creature gathering itself together for another stroke, and stood rooted to the spot, terrified, when I heard a voice behind me yelling, "Run—Ruth—Run!"

I turned and ran blindly, the snake close behind me. And then I saw an actor, whose presence I had quite forgotten, tearing towards me with a rifle in his hand. He had been waiting for his cue to join in the scene, had realised something was wrong, and rushed to help me. The butt end of his rifle terminated that rattlesnake's career in the nick of time, and saved me when I thought I was beyond help, because none of the others could have reached me in time to be of any assistance.

That escape seemed wonderful enough to me, but a narrower shave awaited me later in the same play. My *rôle* was that of a fisherman's daughter, for which I was chosen because of my swimming powers. In one scene a party of fisherfolk, including myself, were shown cut off by the tide beneath some high and jagged cliffs. The location chosen for this scene, after much debating, was the base of a particularly rugged cliff on the Californian coast.

We were all good swimmers, and in order to reproduce the danger of our position on the screen, it was necessary to film the scene on a rough day, with the waves breaking and surging around us. I don't think anyone realised how dangerous the scene would prove to the actors until we were in the middle of it, and then it was too late to go back. In fact, had we been actually cut off by the tide, our position could not have been worse.

The preliminary preparations were most elaborate. A small platform for the producer was slung against the side of the cliff above us. From that cheerful position he shouted his directions, and they were very necessary, as we were unable to rehearse this scene. The operator was *suspended by a rope* over the cliff edge, with his camera strapped to him, thus leaving both hands free. These two were the only dry members of the company that memorable day.

Out of range of the camera a boat was waiting to rescue us in the nick of time, containing the hero, of course. This small craft was pitched about mercilessly for a long time, and I wonder the occupants did not die of sea-sickness. When everyone was ready the signal was given to start, and then we found that it was all we could do to cling to the slippery jagged rocks, while huge waves broke over us, drenching us to the skin.

At last the rescue-boat was told to approach, whereupon it transpired that our position was *really* perilous, because the boat couldn't get near enough to take us on board. Every moment I thought the cockle-shell craft would be swamped, and our plight seemed hopeless. Then we heard the producer shouting, "Climb over the rocks—get as near as you can to the boat—and *jump!*"

Clinging to the rocks, slipping at every step we edged seawards, while the waves broke over us relentlessly. Marian Sais, a clever actress who was playing one of the fisher girls, was the first to reach the edge of the rocks. The boat crept near, was swept back, then hurled in again, and as it drew near Miss Sais jumped—landing four feet away, in the boat.

When my turn came the boat was fairly full, and I wondered how I should ever reach it. Standing on a rock, with great difficulty, I waited for a chance to jump. My eyes were fixed on the boat; I drew myself together to spring and my feet slipped on the treacherous, slimy rock. At the same moment a huge wave, that I had not noticed, struck me and swept me down into the raging sea below. As I fell I saw, in a flash, the whole scene—the producer on the platform, the operator swinging on his rope, the actors in the tossing boat, and I heard someone scream above the roaring of the waves.

As I came up I struck out instinctively, but swimming was impossible in that sea. I was flung against the rocks, pitilessly, till I felt myself bruised in every limb. The waves drove me shorewards, then dragged me out towards the boat. At first I thought that I should be carried out to sea when nothing could have saved me. Then I realised that the boat was moving directly behind me, and I lay as still as possible waiting for a wave big enough to wash me nearer safety.

At last, after seemingly endless hours, I was washed within a few yards of the boat, and saw a man leaning over. A moment later he seized me firmly, dragged me upwards, and I was as fit as a fiddle after a few days' rest, though my bruises caused me much pain for a long time.

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I waited for a chance to jump. My eyes were fixed on the boat; I drew myself together to spring, and my feet slipped on the treacherous, slimy rock. At the same moment a huge wave . . . struck me and swept me down into the raging sea.

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ANOTHER DELIGHTFUL LADY HILDA STORY.

The WAR GAME

By F. E. Baily.

This story was written last Spring, so that there is more than a slight element of prophecy connected with it. No effort has been made to bring it up to date in view of the war, as I felt it would be more interesting left as it is.—Ed. R.M.

I.

The prettiest girl and the smartest soldier in Vienna reined back their horses—he a perfectly-trained brown charger, she a dainty chestnut mare—and turned homewards along the Prater. Hilda Glaive, the famous dancer—really Lady Hilda Risborough of ancient lineage and high renown—patted Mignonne's satin neck, and smiled across at Major Baron Karl von Altenheim.

"I wish you good luck and dashing deeds at the war, Herr Major," she declared, with the subtlest touch of adorable mockery. He seemed, indeed, too fine and splendid for the rudeness of battle, sitting erect and slender with the superb seat of the Austrian cavalry in his wonderfully fitting Hussar uniform.

The major replied with all seriousness.

"Many thanks, Grāfin" (your ladyship), he said, giving her the title she had for the time being laid aside, as he did invariably. "These Servians, of course, good soldiers as they are, cannot give us much trouble on their own account. Alas! they have Roumania, and so also Russia, behind them, and one never knows how far the conflagration may spread."

"Well, you have Teutonia on your side."

"Indeed, yes. It is for that reason that the Crown Prince comes to Vienna."

"Ah, me!" sighed Hilda, flicking Mignonne thoughtfully with a jewelled cutting-whip, "and I, therefore, dance before him at the Prime Minister's ball."

Together they left Vienna's great park, and trotted decorously to the Kaiserhof Hotel, where Hilda stayed, fulfilling a Viennese engagement, and enjoying both artistic and social triumphs. Von Altenheim took a graceful farewell.

"It is my good fortune to leave for the front immediately after the Prime Minister's ball to-morrow night," he explained in the magnificent hall of the Kaiserhof. "Till then, *au revoir*."

II.

"A gentleman to see the Grāfin," said the perfectly drilled hotel servant, bowing ceremoniously.

Hilda, who had already changed, glanced up from the deepest chair in her sitting-room.

"Who is he?"

"The Herr would give no name," explained the servant. "He told me if the Grāfin inquired, I was to announce him as a friend of a certain Herr Rudolf Merion. The Grāfin, he said, would understand."

A faint thrill ran through Hilda. Rudolf

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Merion was the man who loved her, and whom she refused to marry. At that moment he lay with the Austrian Seventh Army Corps, stationed on the Servian Frontier, pursuing his calling of war correspondent in connection with the Austro-Servian War recently broken out. Rudolf she knew to be her only real friend among a host of acquaintances, because he never changed, and because she could never exist for very long without his help. Anyone coming in his name must not be kept waiting

"Show in the Herr."

The perfectly drilled servant produced the stranger. Hilda rose to meet a short, dark man, perhaps thirty years of age, obviously a soldier. He enjoyed absolutely perfect physical development, and moved with the effortless ease of a cat.

For a brief second visitor and visited took one another's measure.

"With the Gräfin's permission," he began rapidly, in curt, clean-cut, staccato utterances, "I will explain my errand."

"Certainly," she replied, indicating a chair, and eyeing him a little haughtily. He seemed a shade too authoritative in his manner towards a beautiful, talented, and much-sought-after girl. "Perhaps you will very kindly tell me your name."

He paused, and considered her.

"I am Lieutenant Miyanovitch, of the Servian Army," he said at length. "In view of what I am going to say, it is necessary first to establish the truth that I am acquainted with Herr Merion. No doubt you will recognise this."

He took from his breast-pocket, and handed to her, a pigskin letter-case, worn by long service. In one corner the words "*Rudolf Merion, The Manor House, Yeo, Devon*," appeared lettered in black.

"Within you will find a signed photograph of yourself."

Mechanically she drew out the picture, bearing the words: "From Hilda. Christmas, 1912," in her own writing. Then she turned on the lieutenant.

"Exactly how and where did you steal this?" she queried.

Her visitor smiled grimly.

"A Servian reconnaisance in force captured Herr Merion three days ago. That letter-case, with its documents, was taken from him, and directly an examination had been made, the authorities recognised that good use might be made of them. They were smuggled into Austria, and sent to me with instructions. That is why I am here."

Again he paused and looked at her with piercing, compelling eyes.

"But Herr Merion is a correspondent—a non-combatant ——"

"Pooh! We have our backs to the wall," he interrupted contemptuously. "I have come to demand a service of you. Should you refuse it, Herr Merion will be shot. It is obvious that you love the man, otherwise he would not possess your photograph.

"You are dancing at this ball in honour of the Crown Prince of Teutonia. Obviously it is a simple matter for you to be presented to him. Probably it is arranged already. We, in Servia, wish for his assassination. You are to kill him."

For a moment Hilda remained speechless. Then:

"I think you must be mad!" she said.

"Not at all. It is his life, or your—that is, Herr Merion's. No woman would hesitate between them. You are completely in our power. If you have me arrested, the Englishman will not survive."

"Englishmen do not die unavenged!" she flamed.

He shrugged his shoulders in limitless derision.

"You have, indeed, the parochial mind of your countrymen; who is to know how he died? We will say he fell off his horse, or expired of fever, or anything else we chance to think of. I ask you, who can contradict the eye-witnesses?"

Hilda could think of no plan, no evasion, no strategy.

"How will you insure that I keep my word, supposing I agree?" she said finally.

"All I can, and will insure," declared Lieutenant Miyanovitch, rising, "is that Herr Merion dies in the event of any failure on your part."

He produced a small automatic pistol and laid it on the table.

"Let me explain how you will kill his Imperial Highness," he began, but she waved aside the weapon.

"I have one of my own," she retorted. "Please go."

"Have I your permission, and the assurance that you will not fail?" he inquired sardonically.

"I never fail where I wish to succeed," she replied, and turned her back on him.

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III.

Five minutes later Hilda was speaking to Von Altenheim at the telephone.

"Can you come to me at once, Baron?" she asked, "or may I call on you? It is a matter of the utmost urgency. I am in great trouble. The matter is too important for discussion over the telephone."

"*Doch! Doch!*" came the sympathetic reply. "I will be with you in a quarter of an hour, Gräfin. Fortunately, my car is at the door now. *Auf wiedersehn!*"

Hilda left the telephone, and returned to her arm-chair. She was convinced that Rudolf had been captured by the Servians; she knew that nothing but main force would have parted him from the photograph. A little tender smile played round her mouth at the thought that even in the midst of peril by land or by water her picture accompanied him.

The arrival of Von Altenheim scattered these musings to the winds. Briefly she told him the story of the last hour. It was amazing to see how the attributes of the man of fashion left him instantly, leaving the soldier, swift, sudden, prepared for immediate action.

"Have the kindness, if you please, to accompany me, Gräfin," he said, but she felt the words implied command. "We must see the Chief of Police, and my uncle, the Minister of War. My car is at your disposal."

Hilda admired the swift, mechanical, military courtesies exchanged between Major Baron von Altenheim and the crowd of orderlies, aides-de-camp, and military bigwigs who thronged the Ministry of War. They wore every uniform in the service, they were all keen as mustard and working like slaves, the place vibrated with industry, and yet perfect order reigned.

For ten minutes they waited. Then a military secretary ushered them into a big, lofty room, furnished with great simplicity, the walls hung with colossal war-maps. At his writing-table sat a six-foot, grey-haired, straight-backed soldier of sixty, in the undress-uniform of his rank—General Count Eisenfels, Minister of War.

He raised his eyebrows faintly at the sight of the lady, rose, and returned Von Altenheim's salute.

"Permit me, my general," began the Baron, and presented Hilda. The general became courtesy itself. His nephew outlined the situation, and the general's face grew grave as he listened. He pressed a bell, and the secretary appeared.

"Has an English correspondent been captured by the enemy?"

"Yes, my general. A force thrown across the river Danube by the bridge at Klenak, since driven back, came upon a cavalry patrol which at once retreated. The Englishman, who, without authorisation, had accompanied it, had his horse shot, and fell into the enemy's hands."

The secretary saluted, and withdrew. The War Minister frowned.

"I will communicate with the officer commanding the Seventh Army Corps," he rasped. "The orders concerning correspondents are very stringent. You have my sincerest sympathy, Gräfin; it is intolerable that distinguished foreign visitors"—he bowed stiffly to Hilda—"should be troubled as you have been.

"I will consult the Chief of Police, and also give orders that overtures shall be made to exchange some prisoner of suitable rank for your friend Herr Merion, whose correspondent's permit will be at once withdrawn in that case. I regret that, in the circumstances, more cannot be done. It is unthinkable that the threat made by the person Miyanovitch respecting the execution of Herr Merion should be carried into effect."

A troubled expression came over Hilda's face at this unsatisfactory conclusion of the interview. As she began to speak, the secretary re-entered the room, looking even more troubled.

"His Imperial Highness the Crown Prince of Teutonia insists on seeing your Excellency," said the secretary, and at his very heels the eminent personage in question entered, wearing the uniform of an Austrian colonel of cavalry.

"Good-morning, Count," came the Crown Prince's cheerful greeting. "I trust I don't intrude. How goes the war?"

Then he paused, taking in the previous comers.

Count Eisenfels stiffened into a military salute.

"Everything prospers, sir," he replied, and looked dismissal at Von Altenheim.

Drowning men grasp at straws. Hilda conceived a desperate idea.

"May I beg Your Imperial Highness' consideration for a moment?" she began hastily.

The Crown Prince saw that Hilda was fair to look upon, and, being young, rejoiced.

"Willingly, esteemed lady," he replied in

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the German idiom, bowing politely. "What service can I be fortunate enough to render?"

For the third time that morning the tale of Lieutenant Miyanovitch's duplicity was set forth, on this occasion to an exceedingly attentive and sympathetic listener. When she ended, the Prince reflected for a minute; next a smile of inspiration lit up his face.

"The solution is transparently obvious. I must be assassinated Yours, Gräfin, shall be the hand to accomplish the fell deed."

"Your Imperial Highness jests!" rasped Count Eisenfels, looking as if he would like to cast the Prince into the guard-room.

"Not at all. She can use a blank cartridge. The tragedy must occur in some quiet corner, whither I will adjourn with the fair assassin. I am an adept at finding quiet corners wherein to entertain charming ladies who are presented after dancing before me. You will give out eventually that some insane individual attempted to murder me in a fit of anti-Teutonian mania. The individual will, of course, be immured in an asylum. The scandal will be hushed up, and I shall appear amid popular acclamation. My dear Count, think how it will cement the Austro-Teutonian Alliance."

"The Prime Minister would never countenance such folly."

"I will call on him at once."

The Prince turned to Hilda, and with the utmost sympathy and kindness addressed her:

"Gräfin, I beg of you to return home and remain perfectly tranquil. I will see that this affair is arranged satisfactorily. As long as an attempt is made, and they believe you make it—of course, no one else must suspect you—your friend is fairly safe. Killing neutral subjects is very risky."

She murmured her thanks. Von Altenheim, saluting, escorted her from the room, and motored her back to the Kaiserhof.

IV.

On the night of the Prime Minister's ball, three people talked earnestly in his *cabinet de travail*, the heart, as it were, of his great house. The Crown Prince gleamed in all the brilliance of his colonel's full uniform; Baron von Altenheim showed little less gallant in the parade kit of a Hussar major; Hilda's perfect gown was so faultless that it could pass practically unnoticed.

The Prince regarded her thoughtfully.

"I have had my work cut out over this little affair. Count Eisenfels fought me tooth and nail, the Prime Minister threatened to resign, the Minister for Foreign Affairs is on the verge of suicide. Only my threat to leave Austria at a moment's notice regardless of consequences prevented their carrying the matter to the Emperor."

He paused.

"You have, indeed, been a friend to me," she said gratefully. "I have no words in which to express my thanks."

The Prince coughed.

"Von Altenheim," he broke off abruptly, "I wish you would tell my equerry I shall require him in ten minutes."

The Baron saluted formally and withdrew, closing the door with elaborate care.

The Prince laid a little automatic pistol on the Prime Minister's writing-table.

"It is loaded with blank. Point it over my shoulder when we are alone together in the small apartment leading from the ball-room, otherwise the flash will burn my tunic, and me also."

She bowed assent. He looked her full in the face.

"Of course, you know I love you," he went on, a little thickly. "You played for this other's life with your beauty as a stake from the outset. We both know I am a fool to risk so much as I am doing, but then we know men are fools. I do not blame you—I admire your courage. But—is there to be no reward?"

She could not meet his glance. It seemed to burn into her very soul.

"We are alone," she murmured. "You are a man, and stronger than I am. A king can do no wrong, and you will be a king some day."

"I do not take anything by force from a woman. What she does not give is not worth having."

She looked up at him appraisingly. If there had been the least suggestion of the beast in his regard—but there was none, only admiration, and reckless, hopeless passion.

She took a step towards him, raised her face, and waited. He laid his gloved hands on her bare shoulders, and looked down with a half-tender, half-cynical smile. Then, very gently, very lightly, he kissed her on the mouth.

"Rubinen sind die lippen dein,
Mann kann nicht schönre sehen."

he quoted softly. Stepping back, he saluted with grave ceremony.

"You have been very gracious. I shall

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always remember," he said, and held the door for her to pass out.

* * * * *

The magnificent ballroom glittered with the splendid uniforms of gallant men and the priceless jewels of beautiful women—the matchless women of Vienna, the city of love. Most of the officers were leaving for the front, and the exotic attraction of men possibly about to die clung about them. The Prime Minister's ball represented the homage of the fair to the brave more than that of the brave to the fair.

Later, Hilda would dance a Dance of Victory in honour of the departing warriors, following which came presentation to the Prince. At the moment she floated round in the arms of Baron Karl von Altenheim to the music of a Viennese waltz played by the finest band in Austria.

"It is all arranged as you desired, Gräfin Hilda," he murmured. "Count Eisenfels, my uncle, granted permission for you to proceed to the frontier only too easily. I scarcely dare repeat his actual words."

"No, but tell me!" she smiled.

"He said: 'Take the woman to the devil as long as we separate her from—er, ahem! —from Vienna,'" replied the Baron, floundering unaccountably. "So you journey to Neusatz, the local headquarters, with me, in a military special train directly after the —the affair, so as to get the earliest news of your friend. A car will be waiting with your luggage, and after the attempt on the Prince you will enter it, and drive to the station; there is a special saloon attached to the train for your benefit.

"Frankly, the authorities desire your absence, for the time being, at any rate. They fear—forgive me—that the Prince has conceived an indiscreet admiration for you. I trust we shall have good news of your friend at Neusatz. It is the base of operations for the Army Corps to which my regiment is attached."

"Many thanks, my kind friend," she replied gratefully. "I could wish that this evening were over."

The waltz ceased, and Hilda retired to change for her Dance of Victory. At length the Master of Ceremonies tapped thrice on the floor with his ivory staff of office, and she floated in, curtseying deeply first to the Prince and again to the glittering company.

The band gushed forth wild, barbaric military music, and Hilda danced as she had never danced before. When she had ended, there came an eloquent interval of sheer delight before the decorous applause. Soon clad once more in the faultless gown, the little pistol hidden in its bosom, they led her to the Prince, and the Prime Minister himself made the presentation.

The distinguished throng broke up into groups. The Prince, who obviously admired the beautiful and talented English girl, drew apart from the rest, and still chatting, passed slowly along the great ballroom, and disappeared into a small salon giving upon it. His equerry and Von Altenheim followed casually, and, standing a little way from the curtained entrance, unobtrusively barred the way. It was all very quiet and unnoticeable.

In the empty room the Prince regarded Hilda quizzically.

"Proceed, my assassin," he observed. "Behold the sacrifice prepared for you."

She drew out the pistol, hesitated a moment, and fired over his head.

"Again!" he whispered. "At my body, quickly. It will disfigure the tunic, and do me no harm."

He turned his head swiftly; she fired again, and then dropped the pistol on the floor. Von Altenheim and the equerry came running in. The latter rushed across the salon, and, picking up the pistol, disappeared through another doorway leading through private apartments, in chase of an imaginary criminal. Von Altenheim, turning back into the doorway with Hilda, pale and trembling, on his arm, waved aside several officers hurrying towards the sound of shots.

"It is nothing, ladies and gentlemen," he declared lightly to the eager questioners who thronged round him. "A little accident—a mere nothing. The Prince is perfectly safe. The English Gräfin, who witnessed the occurrence, is somewhat unnerved, and will leave quietly. I feel sure she has your sympathy. You will know everything in due time. Ah!" he added to himself thankfully, "here comes the Chief at last."

The Prime Minister arrived calm, suave, very much master of the situation, accompanied by the Chief of Police. Two of the Prince's aides-de-camp kept a polite but firm guard over the entrance to the salon. The band played a new waltz, and, persuaded by the diplomatic and military staffs, the fairest ladies of Vienna danced again.

Within the salon, a white-faced Hilda was being helped into her long fur travelling-coat. The equerry and Von Altenheim escorted her from the salon through another door. The Chief of Police and the Prime

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She drew out the pistol, hesitated a moment, and fired over his head. "Again," he whispered. "At my body, quickly." . . . He turned his head swiftly; she fired again.

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Minister, placing themselves on either side of the Prince, accompanied him to the ball-room. The Prime Minister raised his hand; instantly the music was hushed, the dancers ceased to revolve.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he exclaimed, "a dastardly attempt has been made to assassinate the Crown Prince. I rejoice to say it has failed."

V.

All that night and all the next day the train rattled and roared its way to Neusatz, the base of operations against Belgrade. Sometimes Hilda slept, tired out by emotion and excitement; sometimes she stared out of the windows at fleeting, unfamiliar scenes. At last they bumped slowly into Neusatz, over guarded points and bridges. The journey had ended.

She picked it up and jerked back the bolt; an unused cartridge lay in the chamber—

Von Altenheim handed her on to the platform. He must have communicated with the authorities, for a car and a staff-officer awaited them, and they were whirled off to headquarters immediately. There Hilda met General von Sau, the most exquisitely-turned-out person she had ever seen.

"Delighted and honoured to meet you, Gräfin," he exclaimed pleasantly. "Baron von Altenheim will conduct you to your quarters, and an orderly from his troop—some trustworthy fellow, Major—shall be told off to run your errands and look after your affairs. Much better be under the wing of a soldier, you know. And we'll let you have the first news we get of this captured friend of yours."

He bade her good-bye and turned away. Von Altenheim took her to the Golden Eagle, whose motherly landlady made her overwhelmingly welcome.

For two days Hilda dwelt quietly under the roof of the Golden Eagle. Trooper Schmidt served her faithfully, making her troubles his own, fetching, carrying, and even stealing for her. On the afternoon of the second day she noticed him plunged into the deepest dejection.

"My regiment crosses the frontier to-night, honoured Gräfin," he told her sadly. "I am to stay behind."

"What are the others going to do?"

"It is a raid, I think—a cavalry swoop! We are on the track of those fellows who crossed the river at Klenak, and drove in our patrols and captured an English Herr. The bridge at Klenak was taken, you know, yesterday. I would like to be with my regiment to-night."

"Oh!" said Hilda, and began to think rapidly. Rudolf was still with this body of the enemy, unless . . .

"Cooper," she commanded her maid, "please go down and flirt with Schmidt. You know you do it often enough. I want Schmidt to take a note to his Major first. Schmidt is dying to go with the regiment, and I am asking that he shall. When he comes back, flirt with him and give him enough drink to make him very intoxicated. He must sleep quite soundly for a long time to-night."

"Yes, my lady."

"Let me see, they have a new outfit when they leave for the front, don't they? I want you to steal me Schmidt's. You see, I am going instead of Schmidt. You will give out that I am ill, and that no one is to see me but yourself. After I have left, you must keep Schmidt out of sight till next morning somehow. By then it will be too late for them to do anything. I shall pass quite well for Schmidt. I am about his build. You will get me a man's wig out of my theatrical luggage, and I can fake a little moustache with some of my own hair."

"Yes, my lady," responded the well-trained Cooper, sighing a little.

"I've seen enough cavalry-drill to go on with since I've been in Austria," murmured Hilda to herself. "The sword business is all right, because fencing is part of a stage-training, and I ride much better than Schmidt. I've worn gaudier uniforms before now, too. We'd better pump Schmidt about his pals, and their names, though, and what they look like."

She went and pumped Schmidt; as man has always fallen to the wiles of woman, and will always fall, so fell he also.

The plot prospered. Hilda's note to Von Altenheim succeeded. Cooper made Schmidt drunk and stole the uniform. Hilda put it on, took Schmidt's horse from the stable of the Golden Eagle, groomed it to a miraculous condition of polish, and

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clattered down to the station, a cavalryman to gladden a squadron sergeant-major's eye.

At Klenak, Hilda's squadron joined hands with a second, already there, and, after a brief rest and inspection, the two, with a machine gun section, crossed the bridge, and snaked out into the enemy's country to look for the particular body which had reconnoitred in force, and captured Rudolf Merion.

By 8 p.m. they had moved off, with patrols out in front scouring the country far and wide. An aeroplane had reported signs of the enemy at Potak, a village eleven miles south-west of the bridge-head. By ten, the patrols were in touch with the village; they reported a small force of Servians, lying on the river side of the village, which stood in a valley. The hills on either side had not been occupied, but a picket was out in front of the main body.

"Very good," said the colonel. "You, Von Altenheim, remain here with 'A' squadron. I will work round and take them in the rear with 'B.' Give me an hour and a half, and then go in at them, unless they get wind of us sooner, in which case let them have it at once, and I will be with you as soon as I can. I want you to drive them into my arms."

"I understand perfectly, sir."

'A' squadron trotted away into the night. 'B' squadron, with Hilda, stood by their horses and waited. It was now ten-thirty. By midnight, at the latest, they would have engaged the enemy.

Von Altenheim made his dispositions, saw that the men were as comfortable as possible, and turned to his squadron sergeant-major.

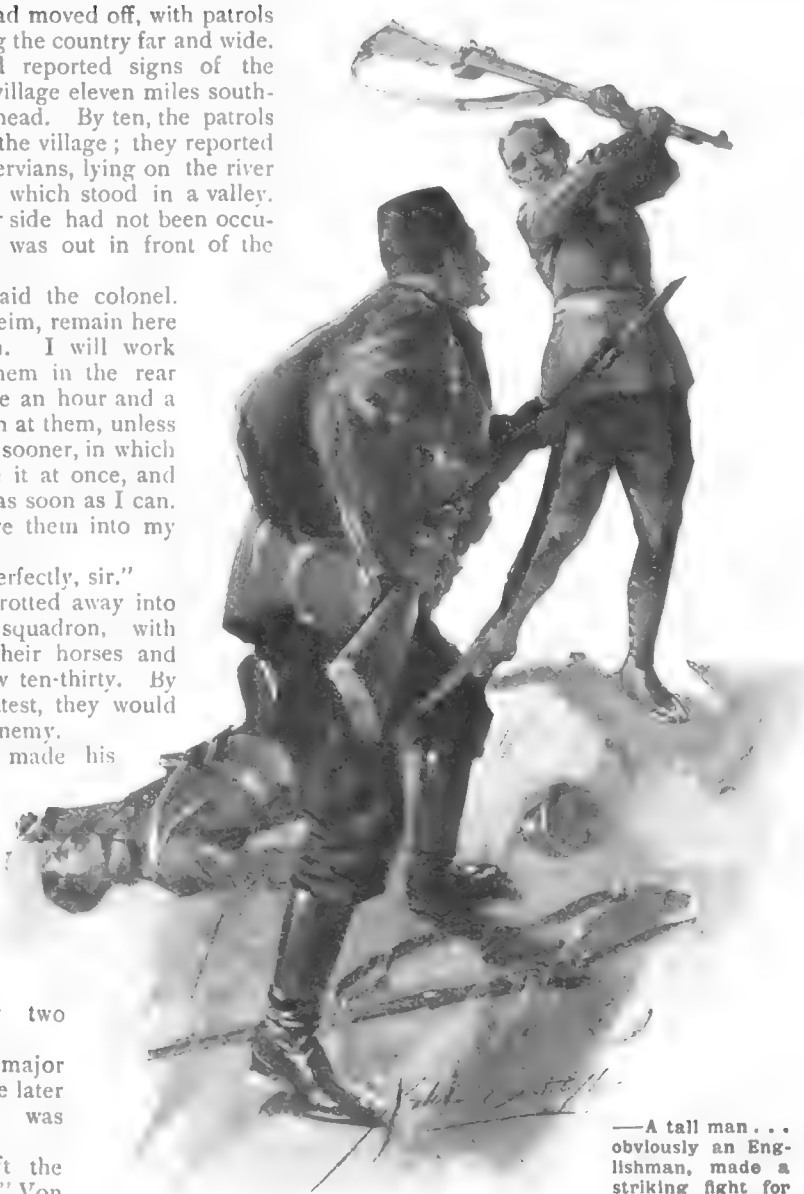
"Pass the word for Trooper Schmidt, number two troop."

The sergeant-major saluted. A minute later Trooper Schmidt was saluting also.

"When you left the English Grāfin——" Von Altenheim began. Then he paused, horror-struck. The disguise was perfect, yet it could not deceive him. He had danced, ridden, and talked with Hilda for weeks. He *knew*.

"I am going out in front to have a look at things," he told the sergeant-major abruptly. "You"—he indicated Trooper Schmidt—"will accompany me."

Von Altenheim strode off into the darkness, followed, at the regulation number of paces,



——A tall man . . . obviously an Englishman, made a striking fight for life with a clubbed rifle against a Servian.
(*Page* 516, *col.* 2.)

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by Trooper Schmidt. Once out of ear-shot, he turned.

"I am at a loss for the explanation of your masquerade, Grāfin," he said coldly. "What has happened to that unfortunate man I left with you? I suppose you know he will be shot for desertion in the face of the enemy, and I shall be cashiered, on account of your —your very questionable behaviour? You will be sent back at once with an escort, and placed under arrest. How in Heaven's name you were not discovered long ago I cannot understand."

Major Baron von Altenheim was evidently boiling with rage. Hilda regarded him tranquilly.

"My friend Rudolf Merion is over there," she retorted, pointing ahead of them, "and he is probably going to be shot because of me. I want to be at hand when we pull him out of his troubles. That's all."

"Absurd!" began Von Altenheim angrily, to be interrupted by a galloper from a cavalry post watching the enemy.

"They're getting on the move, sir!" he announced, reining in and saluting. "The moon will be up in a quarter of an hour, and then they'll spot us."

Von Altenheim turned on his heel.

"You will have to go through with the adventure, Grāfin," he murmured to Hilda as the galloper turned his horse. "I am going to charge that lot."

There was no trace of anger in his voice now. In the excitement of the moment Hilda mentally forgave his previous outburst. After all, it served her right.

The major formed up his squadron in the lee of a slight rise in the ground, a quarter of a mile from the enemy. They moved off at a trot; with luck they would cover half the distance unobserved. Their advance had been sudden and unexpected, and the odds were on a complete surprise being effected. Actually, it was.

The Hussars swept round the rise and broke quickly into a canter, and a gallop. There was no need for further caution.

"Charge!" bellowed their major, riding ahead and waving them on.

Every man took hold of his horse's head, sat down in the saddle, and jammed home the spurs; the long line leapt forward like a bolt from the blue. At one extremity galloped Hilda, drawn sword in hand, mad with excitement, and lifting the big brown along with a nice art fledged and perfected in the hunting-field.

"*Swish!*" They were into, over, and past the amazed picket, and a minute later the whole line smashed resistlessly against the main body, frantically forming to receive them, amazed by the sudden attack, the dark, the fierce riders, and plunging, maddened horses.

It was a *débâcle*. There must have been fully a thousand of the enemy, and they broke and fled like frightened children before Von Altenheim's fierce onset with perhaps two hundred. The Hussars re-formed and pursued the flying mob, leaving scarcely a score of their own number dead, wounded or otherwise out of action.

The score included Hilda; the big brown, after taking her clean through a half company of Servians, put a forefoot on the smouldering remains of a bivouac fire, and came down, flinging Hilda over his head. They both rose unhurt, but considerably shaken.

Hilda glanced round vaguely. Several isolated combats went on around her. In one instance, a tall man, with a lean, determined face, obviously an Englishman, made a striking fight for life with a clubbed rifle against a Servian, who strove furiously to bayonet him. The risen moon lit up as vicious a struggle as it had ever seen.

"Rudolf!" gasped Hilda hysterically, her voice cracked and hoarse. Unconsciously, she had yelled throughout the charge.

At her feet lay the rifle discarded by a fleeing Servian. Cool as ice in the sudden emergency, she picked it up, and jerked back the bolt; an unused cartridge lay in the chamber.

Closing the breech, she flung herself prone, and covered Rudolf Merion's assailant. For a moment the man drew back for another rush; Hilda's rifle cracked; he stopped, hesitated vaguely, and collapsed in a heap.

"Rudolf, Rudolf, thank God you're safe," she cried, flinging away the rifle, and rushing forward.

* * * * *

The exploit of the Grāfin Hilda ended discreetly and happily owing to three considerations—the complete and gratifying victory, the extreme tact of Major Baron von Altenheim, and the charming, man-of-the-worldly view of the matter taken by General von Sau.

A week later, Hilda dined with Rudolf in London. The shaded lights shed only the softest glow, but there was a light in his eyes she could not face.

"I drink," he said, raising his glass, "to the pluckiest, most beautiful girl in the world!"

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PICTURE PARAGRAPHS

The Editor will be Pleased to Purchase Photographs of an Interesting and Out-of-the-Way Nature. All Photographs should be Accompanied by a Short Description.

Photo W. H. Lowndes.

This tree makes a splendid home for the little watch-dog.

A GROWING DOG-KENNEL.

This novel dog-kennel can be seen at a farm in the village of Towersey, in Oxfordshire. The tree is growing near the entrance, and the dog, who is so fierce that he had to be held while his photograph was being taken, makes an excellent guardian. It would be a very risky proceeding indeed to try and enter the farmyard after dark.

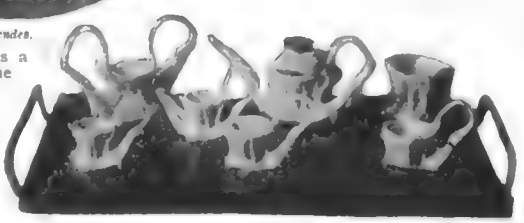

Photo F. M Ujh.

A tiny tea-set which was made out of the vertebræ of a fish.

A FISHY TEA-SET.

It would be difficult to recognise the backbone of a codfish in this delightful doll's tea-service, yet this is what it is made of. The process is quite simple, as it is only necessary to soften the pieces of bone in boiling water and then bend the handles, etc., into position. Many little things for furnishing a doll's house could be made in this way by children.

A CURIOUS TREE-GROWTH.

One often hears of boughs of trees and plants forcing their way through a hard surface, but it is not often the trunk itself grows over anything. The iron palings in this particular instance were evidently erected quite close to the tree, and when the growth began to enlarge it spread over them, although most people would imagine that it would have pushed them out. It will be noticed that the tree has grown right round the top bar.

Photo S. A. Smith.

An ash tree growing at Hall Green, Shirley. Note how the palings have been pulled out of position.

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Photo *Practical Press Agency*

The new nose-bags really look more comfortable than the fish-basket variety.

Photo *J. T. Tanner.*

A puncture like this is enough to strike terror to the heart of the bravest motorist.

A NEW FASHION IN NOSE-BAGS.

We are accustomed nowadays to think the horse somewhat old-fashioned, but someone has thoughtfully invented a new style in nosebags. It certainly looks more comfortable than the kind generally used, and it is made so as to prevent the horse from throwing up his head and scattering his food far and wide.

It is doubtful if the city pigeons and sparrows will be in favour of the new bags, as they will lose many a free meal.

The bags are not unlike the food-pails of the horses which tow the canal barges.

Photo *American Colony, Jerusalem.*

One of the many strange customs of the East.

PUNCTURE!

The cause of the puncture shown in this photograph was half of a sharply worn horse-shoe, which pierced the outer cover, the inner tube, and then went clean through the double steel rim. This must have happened in one revolution of the wheel, as neither the nail-chain nor mudguard was injured in any way.

The motor-cycle was travelling at about twenty-five miles an hour, and it is surmised that the front wheel threw the shoe up on edge, and the back was on it immediately with such force that it went through everything that came in its way.

WHERE MEN KISS.

The desert races of the East have many customs, one of the most remarkable from our point of view being the habit the men have of kissing each other. No Bedouin chief would dream of greeting another of his rank without saluting him in this way.

They dwell in tents, moving from place to place as the fancy takes them, and although they are hospitality itself to strangers, they think it only right and proper to steal their neighbours' cattle whenever they can.

Their one aim in life would appear to be to possess a horse and a gun, and, if possible, four wives—the number they are allowed by their religion. When a woman gets old her husband divorces her by the simple act of sending her back to her parents, or giving her to a less wealthy man.

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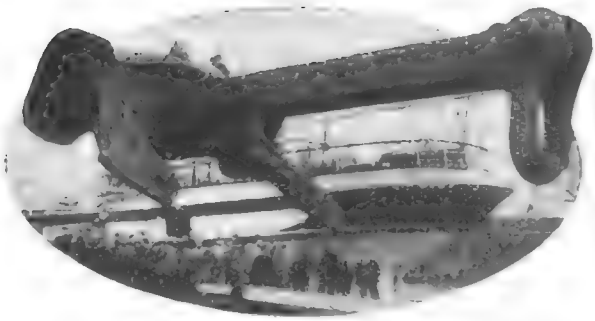

Photo *H. J. Shepstone.*

One of the five enormous anchors carried by the new German liner *Vaterland.*

THE WORLD'S LARGEST ANCHOR.

This huge anchor, belonging to the new German liner *Vaterland*, weighs no less than fourteen tons, and the combined weight of the anchors and their chains on this boat is just over three hundred tons. Even more wonderful is the fact that after the anchors have been dropped—by the way, it is calculated that they make holes twenty feet deep in the ocean bottom—and the ship brought to a standstill, they can be raised from a depth of several hundred feet in a few minutes. This is done by powerful winches. Needless to say, everything in connection with this ship is on an immense scale, the rudder weighing ninety tons. Yet the touch of a wheel on the bridge, nearly one-fifth of a mile away, will cause it to swing in the desired direction.

Directly the war broke out this boat was used to bring over 8,000 German reservists from New York. She also carried an enormous supply of coal, her beautiful staterooms being converted into coal-bunkers.

AN EXTRAORDINARY ACCIDENT.

Considering the number of huge motor lorries there are on the roads nowadays, it is not to be wondered at that occasionally one gets out of control. The lorry in this photograph crashed through the parapet of a bridge at Eddisford and fell into the river Ribble. The driver had a fortunate escape, but two men were seriously injured.

Photo *Sport & General.*

While descending a hill this large motor-lorry got out of control and fell into the river.

THE CART BEFORE THE HORSE.

The Philippine carnival, originated by Americans in Manilla, is one of the biggest and most entertaining annual shows. Magnificent land and water pageants are held, as well as athletic tournaments.

Among the many amusing features to be seen is the curious conveyance shown in this photograph. It belongs to one of the promoters of the carnival, and he has very aptly christened it an "mulomobile." It looks as if it would be rather tricky to manage, as the driver does not seem to be holding any reins; but perhaps the mule is allowed to go in whatever direction he likes.

Photo *Fleet Agency*

One of the many interesting sights to be seen at the Philippine carnival, originated by Americans in Manilla.

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LOOK YOUR PRETTIEST

Although my number has been turned into a War Number, I have persuaded the Editor to squeeze in this article, because I feel that in time of trouble—even more than in time of peace—it is a woman's duty to make the best of herself. If you will only follow the hints given in this article I can assure you that the result will fully justify the few extra minutes devoted to your appearance.

By Gladys Cooper

NEVER were women smarter, better groomed, and generally more attractive than at the present time. I will not say that there is no such thing as a plain woman to-day, but I will say that even the plain woman isn't as plain as she was in past generations, for she has, in the majority of cases, learnt the art of making the best of herself, and, when she cannot be beautiful or even pretty, she sets out to be at least *bien soignée* and attractive. She cultivates her personality, chooses her gowns and hats wisely and well, and neglects nothing which shall compensate for Nature's lack of generosity in the matter of looks.

The real art of making the best of oneself lies first in discovering which are one's best features and enhancing them as much as possible, and, next, in noting carefully all one's worst points, remedying them when possible and, when not, making them take a back seat in the general scheme.

Quite the most important point in making the best of oneself is in the choice of one's clothes. The simplest styles are always the best; personally, I prefer quite simple things, the simpler the better, but every gown should express its wearer's personality, be, in fact, a part of herself.

There are some women who understand just what they can wear successfully and what would spell failure sartorially for them, but these are amongst the lucky ones of the earth. Many women do not understand themselves and their limitations in the matter of dress sufficiently to exercise their own taste and judgment in such things, and for them the wisest plan is to rely on a competent dressmaker whose taste and knowledge can be trusted.

The choice of a colour, and more important still, a tone of some particular colour which is becoming to the wearer and brightens her complexion and hair, is all important, and although there are, I know, rules as to what fair and dark persons may wear, these are not to be relied upon; at least, not nowadays.

Once-upon-a-time Shantung colour was considered an impossible one for fair women, but that is now an exploded theory. Personally, I find it very becoming, and know of other fair women who do, too. Then there

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is rose-colour; that, again, was not considered a correct colour for the fair-complexioned woman, and yet I have found it very suitable both for daylight and the stage.

The wisest plan to adopt before deciding on a shade is to take a length of material in that particular colour and drape it lightly across the head and shoulders, and then, with the most casual glance in the mirror, it will be quite easy to decide whether to reject or adopt it.

Besides the question of "line" and colour, the woman who sets out to make the best of whatever good looks she may possess, should remember that real success in dress depends very largely upon little things—the trifling accessories of one's toilette which make so much difference, in fact make the great difference between the perfectly turned-out woman and the badly dressed one.

Boots, shoes, stockings, and gloves must all have special attention, and millinery is all-important, for, unless in keeping with the gown, a hat, no matter how smart it may be in itself, is doomed to failure.

Hairdressing is another very important consideration for the woman who is anxious to look her best. The present styles, which so often show no hair whatever under the hat, are more than trying to the woman of average looks, and I am inclined to think that one should be either very pretty or very plain—really beautiful or almost weird-looking—to wear them with advantage.

To follow slavishly some particular style, whether of coiffure, gown, or hat, merely because it is the fashion, without regard to the far more important point of suitability, is to court disaster in the matter of looking one's best, and it is far better to modify a fashion or adopt a style invented by oneself than to be a fashion slave. *Madame la Mode* has been very indulgent of late years, and a woman can wear almost anything which suits her particular type, and occasionally she may even popularise it to such an extent that it becomes a fashion.

This was the case with the low bandeau introduced by the Duchess of Rutland, which so enhanced the beauty of her perfect features, that in a very short time the Grecian bandeau, worn low on the forehead, became a most fashionable coiffure ornament.

There is no doubt that a perfect complexion is a great asset to the woman who wishes to be voted beautiful, and though a good complexion is born and not made (like the proverbial poet), many a fine, clear skin has been spoilt by careless treatment. I never advocate making oneself a martyr to the care of one's appearance, but there is a wide difference between that and carelessness and neglect.

One can't expect to keep one's skin soft and smooth without a reasonable amount of care, any more than one could expect to have beautiful hair if one neglected to shampoo it properly and give it a regular brushing daily.

Massage, with plenty of cream to feed the tissues beneath the skin, is essential not only to keep the complexion soft and white, but also to preserve the contour of the face, and

Always remember that real success depends very largely on little things—boots, shoes, stockings, gloves, must all have special attention.

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There are no fixed rules nowadays as to what a blonde or a brunette may wear, but before deciding on any material, drape it lightly round the shoulders and take a casual glance in the mirror.

it is to this regular massage that many an actress indirectly owes the beauty of her skin.

Cream, and quantities of cream, are massaged into the skin before any "make-up" is applied, and this is most beneficial. Then, again, plenty of cream has to be used in removing the "make-up," and through this the face gets far more massage than it would in the ordinary way, and for this reason I always think that my complexion is in a far better condition when I am acting every night than when I am resting.

Naturally massage for the face should be gentle, and always in an upward and outward direction, as rubbing the face downwards will give a drawn and old look to the youngest face; also the fingers should be liberally smeared with cream before commencing, besides the cream which has already been put over the face.

Massage is a most important part of the daily toilet of every woman who wishes to take reasonable care of her appearance, and is as necessary to the health of the hair as for the complexion. I would advise every woman who wants to keep her hair in good condition to give at least ten minutes' massage to the scalp every night. This not only benefits the hair by increasing the circulation of the tiny blood-vessels, but helps to keep it soft and fluffy-looking, while the massage has also a most soothing effect upon the whole nervous system.

For those who require a good hair tonic I believe the following to be really excellent, though I have never used one myself:

HAIR TONIC.

Tincture of Cantharides	4 drachms
Spirits of Rosemary ...	4 drachms
Dilute Acetic Acid ...	3 drachms
Quinine Sulphate ...	20 grains
Water	7 ounces

Mix.

Before applying the tonic the scalp should be massaged for at least ten minutes, as the success or failure of this, as of every other hair tonic, is very largely influenced by the massage which accompanies it.

The care of her hands should be of the greatest consideration to the woman who is anxious to make the best of herself. There is nothing more attractive than a pretty hand, well-shaped, soft, and white, with, of course, perfectly manicured nails. Personally, I admire beautiful hands more than any other feature in a woman, and the hand is the first thing I notice about a person, and one of the things by which I often remember an acquaintance who would otherwise be forgotten.

Beautiful hands are, we all know, not the product of cultivation, or even the result of care and trouble; they are a gift, and, unfortunately, not bestowed upon everyone, but even the most indifferent hands can be improved if well attended to. No matter how ugly the finger nails may be naturally, they can be made presentable by regular manicure, and even the shape of the hands modified.

In Japan, where the women are noted for their soft, dimpled hands, they give them an oil bath at least twice a week. The oil used is oil of sweet almonds, and it is slightly warmed and placed in a basin. The hands are allowed to soak for fifteen minutes in the

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warm oil, and when removed each hand is massaged all over, the palms and outside of the hands are pinched and gently rubbed, and the fingers stroked from the nails to the base many times. This makes them slender and tapering.

The Japanese beauty then manicures her little nails, and polishes them till she can see her face in them almost as well as in a mirror.

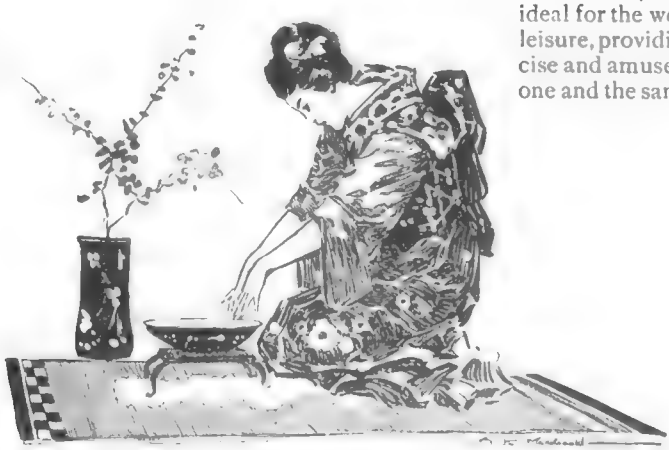
This would probably be too troublesome a treatment for the average Englishwoman, but one can easily understand that the warm oil bath is very nourishing to the skin, and would soften and whiten it so that it might not be a bad treatment for a woman to adopt who had allowed her hands to become wrinkled through neglect, though, when in this state, regular massage every night and morning with a good skin food would be even better.

Regular brushing and massage is the secret of beautiful hair.

The question of sleep and rest is of far more importance in making the best of oneself than many might imagine, for unless sufficient sleep and rest can be obtained a worn and tired appearance will be the result, noticeable not only in one's general expression, but in the eyes and the complexion.

Eight hours' unbroken rest should be secured by every woman who really wants to keep her youthful appearance—myself, I like nine hours—and this should be taken in a perfectly dark room. To sleep in a light room is very popular with some women, but it does not afford the same amount of rest to the nerves, and is very bad for the eyes, waking in a bright light being most injurious to them.

Exercise, though as important as rest in beauty culture, is too personal a question to be settled in an article, for what would be nothing to one woman would be absolute fatigue to another. Walking is undoubtedly the best, and is within the reach of everyone, no matter how restricted their time or limited their means, and golf is ideal for the women of leisure, providing exercise and amusement at one and the same time.



The Japanese women are noted for their beautiful hands, and twice a week they bathe them in oil of sweet almonds.

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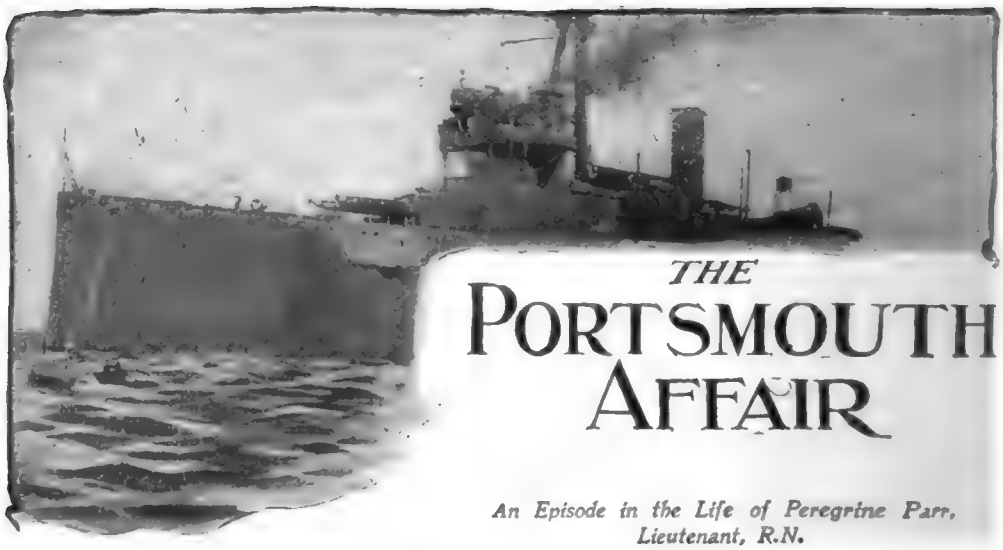

THE PORTSMOUTH AFFAIR

An Episode in the Life of Peregrine Parr, Lieutenant, R.N.

By Henry Macdonald.

I.

A Portsmouth Garrison dance was in full swing, and the large ballroom presented a kaleidoscopic blaze of colour with the shimmering silks and satins of the ladies and the resplendent uniforms of the men. It was essentially a naval and military function, for there were barely half-a-dozen black-coated civilians in the room, and everywhere one looked one saw the blue, scarlet, and gold of the two fighting services.

But the young naval lieutenant standing in the doorway was obviously depressed, for he gazed with moody eyes at the glittering throng of dancers, and wondered to himself if he could effect his escape unnoticed. To tell the truth, he was unutterably bored. He had never cared for dances, had been cajoled into attending this one against his will, and, now that he had arrived, he wished fervently that he had never come.

Having no sisters of his own, Lieutenant and Commander Peregrine Parr, of His Majesty's Torpedo Boat Destroyer *Dragonfly*, always felt desperately shy and uncomfortable with the opposite sex.

He stood there watching the dancers for a minute, looking very harassed, and had just made up his mind to leave when someone came up from behind and tapped him on the shoulder.

"Hullo, Perry, old man!" exclaimed a cheery voice. "Not dancing?"

Parr turned round.

"Hullo!" he said, recognising the newcomer as Matheson, a man who had been in the same term with him in the *Britannia*, but who was now the captain of a submarine, "I should jolly well think not! I was only dragged here by Mrs. MacTavish, an old friend of my father's. I'm bored stiff!"

Matheson laughed. "Well, let's go outside and have a yarn," he suggested.

Leaving the ballroom, they walked down the passage and went out into the road. The dance was being held at an hotel adjoining the pier, and, going along the paved promenade close to the beach, the two officers made for one of the small, glazed shelters facing the sea. It was a dark night; the arc lamps had been extinguished, and as they approached the shelter two figures rose from the seat and hurried off into the darkness.

"Hullo!" Parr remarked, looking after them. "Those two chaps seem in a deuce of a hurry. We appear to have startled them."

Matheson thought so little of the circumstance that he did not reply; seating himself on the bench the men had just vacated, he produced his cigarette-case and handed it to his friend.

"You're not very talkative to-night,"

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Matheson observed at length. "Why don't you put on your best society smile and make yourself agreeable to the women? Now I can introduce you to . . . Hullo!" He broke off suddenly as his hand came into contact with a small, hard object lying on the seat.

"What's the matter?"

"Those fellows have left a pair of binoculars here," said Matheson, taking the case in his hand and feeling it all over.

"We'll never find 'em now," remarked Parr. "Perhaps they'll come back and claim them. What ought we to do if they don't?"

"Take 'em to the police station."

"Perhaps there's a name on them, though. Have a look inside."

Matheson produced his matches and struck one, and when the flame burnt up clear he opened the case, withdrew the binoculars, and examined them carefully. They were a small pair of ordinary night glasses, but were quite innocent of any writing to give a clue as to their ownership, and were not even inscribed with their maker's name.

"They're decent glasses," he observed, focussing and looking through them. "Pretty expensive ones, I should think."

"That's rather strange, for those two loafers didn't look very well dressed from the little I saw of them. Perhaps they stole 'em."

"Quite likely."

"Half a moment, though," added Parr. "There may be something written on the case."

He picked it up from where his friend had laid it on the seat, but there were no initials or name on the outside, and, opening the top, he peered inside. Then he noticed a piece of folded blue paper stuck in the lid.

"Here we are!" he exclaimed. "This'll probably tell us. Light another match."

Matheson did so, and unfolding the paper Parr held it close to the flickering flame and both officers examined it intently.

"What the deuce does it all mean?" demanded Matheson at length. "I can't make head or tail of it."

Parr did not reply, but continued to gaze at the writing. It certainly seemed peculiar. The paper was an ordinary piece of ruled blue foolscap, but running down the left-hand side of it was a series of questions, written in ink, and numbered from 1 to 8. Opposite them were the answers in pencil, obviously written by a different person.

1. Time of the first high tide after midnight, 15th-16th?—1.49 a.m., 16th.
2. Time outgoing stream runs strong?—About 2.30 a.m.
3. What buoy is ship at?—No. 4 Buoy.
4. What size is the cable?—The links are nearly 3 inches in thickness.
5. What officers and men will be on deck?—One officer and two men on deck. Four signalmen and a sentry on the bridge forward.
6. Will it be possible to engage their attention?—I can arrange this.
7. Will a steam launch be ready at short notice?—No, she usually draws fires and secures for the night at about eleven o'clock.
8. Does the Captain sleep on board?—No.

"What on earth does it all mean?" asked Matheson again.

"It's deuced strange!" Parr replied with a frown. "I don't like the look of it at all. The questions are obviously written by a foreigner; you never see an Englishman writing like that, and Numbers 4 and 5 are jolly suspicious. Why on earth should a fellow want to know who's on watch and if it would be possible to engage their attention? Why should he want to engage their attention if he wasn't up to devilment of some kind?"

"Devilment!" ejaculated the other excitedly. "What d'you mean?"

"I hardly know," answered Parr in a whisper. "But why should someone want to know all these things—the time the tide will be running strong, what size the cable is, and if a steamboat is available at short notice? Looks as if he was frightened of being chased, doesn't it?"

The match flickered and went out.

"D'you know what ship's at No. 4 buoy?" continued Parr.

"The *St. Andrew!*"

"And what is the *St. Andrew?*"

"My dear chap, why ask me all these inane questions? Everyone knows she's our latest super-Dreadnought, just commissioned."

"Exactly, but please don't get ratty about it; I'm not trying to pull your leg. D'you know anyone who's got a motor-boat?"

Matheson thought for a minute.

"Yes," he said at last, "I do. But what d'you want her for?"

"I'll explain later. D'you think we could borrow her?"

"H'm, I don't know. She belongs to Colonel Mannering, but his daughter often goes out in her."

"Can we find the daughter?"

"She's at the dance," Matheson replied. "I can easily ask her if we can use the boat."

"Good man!" exclaimed Parr, rising from the seat. "We'd better get back. It's close on midnight now. Don't forget the binoculars!"

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They began to walk back towards the hotel, and as they went Parr explained.

"To-morrow," he said, "will be the 16th, and it's high water at 1.49—about two and three-quarter hours from now. At 2.30 something is going to happen to the *St. Andrew* unless we can prevent it!"

"Good Heavens!" gasped his companion.

"Hush! Not so loud; someone may hear you!" hissed Parr in a whisper, for they had reached the door of the hotel. "Look here, will you go and ferret out Miss What's-her-name, and see if we can borrow the motor-boat? She'd better come with us to run it."

"But——"

"Go on, there's a good chap. For goodness' sake do it! It's important—jolly important!"

They disappeared inside the hotel, and while Matheson departed in search of Miss Mannering, Parr went to the cloak-room to get his cap and cloak. By the time he returned the other two were waiting for him.

"This is Mr. Parr," Matheson said. "He wants to borrow your motor-boat."

The girl smiled.

"But what a peculiar time to want it!"

"Come out into the road and I'll explain," said Parr abruptly.

They went out into the road out of earshot of any possible listeners, and he narrated briefly the circumstances in which the paper had been found.

"I've an idea," he continued in a whisper, "that someone intends to break the *St. Andrew* away from her moorings. You know, Miss Mannering," he added in explanation, "she's our latest battleship."

"Break her from her moorings?" echoed Matheson. "That'll take some doing."

"Not with gun-cotton," answered the other officer. "The ebb'll be running strong when they do it, and they hope she'll drift down and block the harbour mouth. Anyhow, it'll be a pretty bad show if it comes off, for she's bound to get damaged if she goes ashore on a falling tide, besides which she'll block up the entrance!"

The girl was quite equal to the occasion.

"I think," she interrupted, "we'd better do what Mr. Parr suggests. The *Gnat* is at her moorings off Gosport, and if we can slip across there I'll soon get her going all right."

"But what about your dress?" asked Matheson.

"Oh, bother the dress!" she answered with a smile as she turned to go back into the hotel.

II.

Twenty minutes later the three of them, having secured a taxicab, had arrived at Portsmouth Hard, where Parr knew they would be able to procure a boat to take them across the water. The place, except for one solitary policeman, was quite deserted, and, after paying the chauffeur, they walked down the stone causeway leading into the water in search of a boat. They soon came across one made fast to one of the iron rings, and, making certain that the oars and rowlocks were on board, Parr set to work to cast her free. But the policeman saw something suspicious in their movements, and came to see what was happening.

"'Ere, what's all this about?" he demanded gruffly. "That's not your boat!"

"It's all right, sergeant," Parr replied, inwardly cursing the man for his untimely interference. "We want to get across to Gosport!"

"That's not your boat!" reiterated the constable stolidly. "And I am 'ere to. . ."

"Quite so," said Matheson affably, throwing the boat cloak off his shoulders so that the man could see his uniform. "But we must get this lady over to Gosport. Her father's seriously ill, and all the ferries have stopped running!"

Joan Mannering smiled.

"Well, sir, I must take your names and addresses," murmured the man, producing his notebook and holding it in the rays of his lantern.

"Lieutenant Parr, H.M.S. *Dragonfly*," said Parr.

"Lootenant Carr," began the minion of the law, sucking his pencil.

"No, Parr. PARR," spelt that officer.

"Right, sir, I've got that. What's the other officer's name an' address?"

Matheson gave the necessary information.

"I don't know that I'm doin' me' dooty in letting you take the boat," he said, "but as the young lady's father 'as been taken bad . . ."

"That's all right, sergeant," cut in Parr impatiently. "I'll see the boat comes back all right, and we can square up with her owner in the morning."

Five minutes later they had cast off, and with the two officers at the oars the boat was soon well out in mid-stream. Passing the old *Victory*, with her black-and-white chequered sides looming up out of the darkness, they presently came to where numbers of small craft lay at their moorings, but it was

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so dark that fully ten minutes went by before they found the *Gnat*.

Clambering on board they made the rowing boat fast astern.

"Now," said the girl, tucking her skirts round her in a businesslike way, "if Mr. Matheson will clear away the moorings ready for slipping I'll see if I can tinker up the engine. Mr. Parr, would you mind giving me a tin of petrol and another of lubricating oil? You'll find them in the locker in the stern."

Dragging out the two tins, Parr placed them ready and then lit a series of wax vestas so that the girl could see what she was about.

What she did not know about the engine of the little craft was not worth mentioning, and before long she stood up with a satisfied sigh.

"She'll do!" she announced. "Oh, gracious! Do look at my hands and dress!"

She glanced down with a look of dismay at her hands and skirt, which were all streaked with dirty black oil.

"Father'll have to stump up," she went on with a merry little laugh. "But it'll cost him a good ten guineas. The worst of these horrible new-fangled skirts is that you can hardly move in them. There!" she went on, bending down and tearing the satin up one side. "That's much better; I can move about now."

Parr laughed, for he was beginning to feel less frightened of her.

"Mr. Parr."

"Hullo?"

"A bit of my hair's come down, and is bobbing about in front of my eyes. I wonder if you'd mind lighting another match and seeing if you can put it up? My hands are so horribly filthy!"

Parr lit the match and bent over her. Her pretty face, flushed with exertion, was close to his; her laughing eyes looked up at him, and the subtle fragrance of her hair made him experience a sensation he had never felt before. He was suddenly tempted to seize the girl in his arms and to cover her face with kisses. But he blushed at the thought, and with clumsy fingers tucked the strand of hair in its place.

"There," he said shyly, "I can't do it any better."

"It'll do quite well," answered the girl, forgetting her hands and giving her hair a pat. "Now, please, I'll have the petrol and the funnel, and don't light any more matches until I tell you."

Five minutes later everything was ready, and, leaving the rowing boat at the moorings, she started the motor, and the *Gnat* glided away into the darkness.

"What's the time?" asked Matheson, coming aft.

"The dockyard clock's just struck a quarter-past one," said Parr, who was at the wheel in the stern. "We've got plenty of time, Miss Mannering," he continued. "My ship's alongside the dockyard wall—d'you mind if we go there and pick up some men?"

"Not a bit," she answered.

The *Gnat* headed up the harbour, and was soon moving rapidly past the great bulk of the *St. Andrew*, secured to her buoy.

"Wouldn't it be as well to warn 'em?" Matheson suggested as they swept by.

Parr shook his head.

"No," he said; "suppose that, after all, the whole thing turned out to be a hoax or something? We should look a pretty pair of idiots if we roused the whole of her ship's company; besides, they probably wouldn't believe us. No, I vote we do the whole show off our own bats, and then, if we are making a mistake, nobody'll be any the wiser."

The others agreed, and before long the *Gnat* was alongside the *Dragonfly*.

Clambering on board, Parr found the A.B. doing duty as quartermaster of the watch.

"Bates," he said, "I want you and a couple more men to come with me. Go and get hold of 'em now; there's no time to lose!"

"Aye, aye, sir!" replied the seaman, wondering what on earth was in the lieutenant's mind, but running forward obediently.

Parr went below to his cabin and procured his revolver and a couple of packets of ball ammunition, and then going outside into the passage unhooked four cutlasses from the rack overhead. With the weapons in his arms, he then returned to the deck, where he found Bates and two sleepy sailors waiting for him.

"What's them for, sir?" asked Petty Officer Smith, eyeing the cutlasses and rubbing his eyes.

"I'll tell you when you're in the boat," Parr replied. "Here you are, take one each, and get on board."

The three astonished men obeyed, and when Parr had handed the fourth weapon to Matheson, the *Gnat* left the destroyer and throbbed out into the harbour.

"Where d'you want to go now?" asked Matheson, who was steering.

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"Head up harbour a bit, and then we'll stop engines. We'll move down towards the *St. Andrew* at two o'clock. There," he added, as the double chime of half-past one rang out from the dockyard clock. "We've half-an-hour to wait!"

"But the tide won't be running strong till 2.30!" Matheson protested.

"Quite true, but it'll take some time for them to get their stuff ready."

The motor-boat stole up the harbour for some distance above the spot where the battleship lay, and then, with her engine stopped, floated motionless on the water. While they waited Parr explained the situation to the bluejackets.

"Smith," he said when this had been done, "you stand by in the bows with your cutlass; I think you'd better take the pistol, too, but don't fire unless someone fires at you first. Johnson, you go forward as well, and keep a look out, and sing out at once if you sight anything. Bates, you'll remain here to protect Miss Mannering."

The sailor drew his blade and tested its edge with his thumb.

"And what do you want me to do?" Matheson queried.

"You can make yourself generally useful. I'll do the steering."

"And what about me?" chimed in the girl, without the least trace of nervousness in her voice.

"D'you mind running the engines? But, for goodness' sake, keep well down in the boat."

"All right," she agreed. "It's beginning to get rather exciting, isn't it? How much longer have we to wait?"

"Five minutes," Parr replied, consulting his watch. "Bates!"

"Sir?"

"If Miss Mannering gets hurt," the officer whispered, "I shall hold you responsible."

"She won't, sir," the man assured him gruffly, fingering his weapon.

III.

The time passed wearily, and the cold breeze stirring the calm water into little ripples chilled the occupants of the boat to the very marrow. Parr had insisted on Miss Mannering wearing his boat cloak over her flimsy evening dress, and, as he sat there with his teeth chattering, in the short jacket, white waistcoat, and gold-laced trousers of his uniform mess dress, he regretted his lack of forethought in not providing himself with thicker garments when he had visited his ship.

His ruminations were suddenly cut short by the dismal clanging of the clock across the water. Two o'clock; the moment for action had arrived.

After a brief delay the engine began to fire with its loud "pop-pop," and, gathering headway, the boat moved rapidly in the direction of the *St. Andrew*. His nerves tingling with suspense, Parr steered for the great battleship, whose blurred outline loomed up out of the night a short distance ahead, but, though he peered anxiously through the darkness, he could see nothing amiss.

A hundred yards—seventy yards—fifty.

"D'you see anything?" he asked anxiously.

"Not a blessed thing!" muttered Matheson, straining his eyes. "I don't think——"

But Petty Officer Smith in the bows of the boat was blessed with a pair of excellent eyes.

"Capten, sir!" he exclaimed suddenly, "there's somethin' close alongside th' buoy! It's a boat, sir!" he added an instant later. "She's shovin' orf!"

Parr looked in the direction Smith pointed out, and, sure enough, he could see a dark shadow close in under the bows of the battleship, and a splashing in the water as if oars were at work. The *Gnat* was travelling fast, but before long the rowing boat ahead was clear of the buoy, and they could distinguish the dark figures of her men bending to the oars. But the motor-boat was coming up rapidly, and an instant later Smith yelled again:

"Starboard your 'elm, sir! Starboard your 'elm! You'll be into 'er!"

Parr swung the wheel over, and told the girl to stop the engines, but just as the screw ceased to revolve there was a shock, and with a rending, splintering crash the *Gnat* ran into the escaping craft.

There came a guttural exclamation from the rowing boat, and the dark figure of a man sprang into view and pointed a revolver full at Smith.

"Ah, would yer?" bellowed the Petty Officer, levelling his own weapon instantly, for he was not unprepared. "'Ands up!"

A sharp report and a spurt of flame answered his challenge, but in spite of the short distance the bullet pinged harmlessly by. Smith pressed his trigger, but the shot went wide. He fired again, but this time there was a shriek of pain, and the dark figure collapsed in a heap.

The two craft by now had drifted apart, and the men in the rowing boat recommenced their efforts to escape, but measuring

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A pair of strong hands closed round his throat. He felt himself being forced backwards . . . Red stars danced before his eyes; he was being choked by slow degrees.

his distance, and with a naked cutlass in his right hand, Smith jumped. He landed with a crash in the midst of the two struggling oarsmen; the weapon flew out of his hand and hurtled overboard, but before the foreigners had recovered from their surprise he had one of them by the throat. The other man promptly came to his friend's assistance, and grappled Smith round the waist, and for some moments nothing could be heard except the muttered gasps and stertorous breathing of the combatants.

One of the foreigners lay huddled up in the stern, badly wounded, but the other two, realising they had been caught, fought like wild cats. As from the sounds of the conflict Smith seemed to be getting the worst of it, Parr, springing forward, took a flying leap to the Petty Officer's assistance just as that worthy overbalanced into the water, dragging one of his antagonists with him. Parr fell on his knees, half across the gunwale of the boat, but the instant he did so a pair of strong hands closed round his throat.

He felt himself being forced backwards; the pressure on his windpipe became intolerable, while from his awkward position he was powerless to offer any serious resistance to his assailant. Red stars danced before his eyes; he was being choked by slow degrees; the strain on his backbone became intense, but backwards and backwards he was forced, until all the blood in his body seemed to have rushed to his head, and he could feel the icy-cold water lapping in his hair.

He realised his adversary's purpose; the man was attempting to force his head under water, but just as the officer had made up his mind he was going to be drowned the pressure on his throat relaxed suddenly, and he felt himself pitched over backwards into the water.

Johnson, seeing what was happening, had

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leapt to his officer's assistance, and, as the rowing-boat was already half full of water, his sudden arrival had completed the disaster, and the craft had capsized. It was, as a matter of fact, the best thing which could have happened, for the combatants were precipitated into the harbour, and all their energies then became concentrated on saving themselves.

Parr was a good swimmer, and, in spite of his shortness of breath, soon regained the surface and struck out for the *Gnat*. Matheson and Bates hauled him on board, and without waiting to wring the water out of his sodden clothes, he gazed round anxiously for any signs of the two bluejackets. At first he could see nothing except the dark shape of the rowing-boat floating keel upwards a short distance ahead

"Smith!" he called, thinking that the man had gone under.

"I'm 'ere, sir!" came the answer. "'Oldin' on to th' boat."

The girl, guessing what was wanted, promptly restarted the motor, while Matheson seized the wheel and piloted the *Gnat* alongside the wreck, and Smith, who was still clutching one of the foreigners by the arm, was hauled on board with his prisoner.

Johnson, who had been forced to release his man, had secured an oar to keep himself afloat.

"I can't see nothink of th' chap I 'ad 'old of, sir!" he exclaimed regretfully as he paddled himself alongside. "'E went out o' me' ands when we capsized!"

"Never mind," Parr answered, thankful that both his men were safe. "Come in out of the water." He reached down and gave the man his arm, and heaving himself up, the bluejacket tumbled on board.

In the meanwhile shouting could be heard and lights were being flashed from the *St. Andrew*, close alongside of which the boat had capsized; before long a whaler had been lowered and was pulling for the scene of the disaster. For some time both she and the *Gnat* circled round looking for any signs of the other two foreigners, but no trace of them could be found, and, surmising that they had been carried under by the current and drowned, Parr abandoned the search as useless, and went alongside the battleship.

The solitary prisoner was still gasping and spluttering in the bottom of the boat, and, lifting him up, Smith and Johnson, followed by the two officers, bundled him unceremoniously up the gangway. They were greeted at the top of the ladder by the officer of the watch, a young sub-lieutenant.

"What's been happening?" he queried anxiously, looking at Parr's sodden uniform and then at the foreigner. "We heard some firing!"

"Never mind now," returned Parr abruptly. "D'you see that chap?" He indicated the prisoner.

"Yes."

"Well, have him locked up in a cell. Perhaps the doctor had better see him, though," he added. "He's had a pretty bad ducking."

He turned to go down the ladder again.

"Won't you have some dry clothes?" asked the sub, motioning to the marine corporal and a bluejacket to take the captured man below.

"Can't wait now, but we'll be back in a minute," answered Parr, "and if we could have a dry shift and something hot to drink, then, we'd be jolly grateful. I'll take this lantern," he added.

The little party descended the gangway, leaving the mystified young officer on deck wondering what on earth had happened, and after they had restarted the engines the *Gnat* proceeded to the buoy to which the battleship was secured.

Parr scrambled on to the large cylindrical structure with his lantern to examine the cables, and the briefest of glances assured him that his suspicions were correct. Lashed firmly round each of the enormous iron chains holding the ship to the buoy were long, innocent-looking canvas bags. He knew they contained explosives, for lengths of insulated wire hung from both of them, while on the buoy itself was a heavy wooden box containing several dry batteries, and a complicated instrument ticking like a clock, but with brass contact pieces fitted on the face instead of the customary numerals.

The wires were disconnected, showing that the men had evidently been disturbed in the act of fitting the apparatus which could be timed to go off at any particular moment, and, assisted by his men, Parr lifted the various instruments and the bags of explosives into the motor-boat.

"Were they trying to cut the cables?" queried Joan Mannering with suppressed excitement, eyeing the deadly apparatus with concern.

"I should jolly well think they were," Parr replied. "There's enough stuff here to cut through the cables like butter!"

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Parr scrambled on to the large cylindrical structure with his lantern to examine the cables . . . Lashed firmly round each of the enormous iron chains holding the ship to the buoy were long, innocent-looking canvas bags.

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"Oh, I am so glad!" exclaimed the girl with a sigh of relief.

"Why?" Parr asked suddenly.

"Because——" She hesitated. "Oh, because it means I haven't ruined a brand-new dress for nothing!" she finished lamely. "Oh, Mr. Parr, I am so glad!"

Five minutes later they were sipping hot cocoa in the *St. Andrew's* wardroom, and while Matheson was telling the Commander of the battleship what had happened, Parr and the two bluejackets who had been overboard were shifting into dry clothes.

But it was very late, and before long they were on their way ashore, leaving the prisoner safe under lock and key. They moored the *Gnat* up securely for the night close to the place from where they had originally purloined the rowing boat, and after asking the policeman to keep an eye on her the party went ashore.

"Smith," Parr ordered, "you, Bates, and Johnson can go straight back to the ship. Miss Mannering, I think I'd better waik home with you; we shall never find a cab at this time of night."

"Do," said the girl.

"What are you going to do, Matheson?" Parr asked as they walked down the road

"I've got a room in an hotel here," he replied. "I'll go and turn in if you're going home with Miss Mannering. Good night!"

"Good night!"

The subsequent inquiry proved conclusively that if the plot had not been nipped in the bud the *St. Andrew*, the latest battleship in the Navy, would have been freed from her moorings and seriously damaged by grounding. A full confession extracted from the surviving prisoner, moreover, showed that he and his companions were undoubtedly the servants of a foreign government, and that their plan was designed to block the entrance to Portsmouth Harbour just prior to a declaration of war. If the project had been successful, it would have prevented the immediate egress of some of the most powerful units of the British fleet, so that the discovery of the paper inside the binocular case had far greater consequences than either Parr or Matheson had imagined at the time.

All the participants in the affair enjoyed official commendation, but Parr himself received a far greater reward than he had expected.

He is no longer frightened of all women. Over the writing-table in his small cabin on board the *Dragonfly* there is a photograph of a very pretty girl in evening dress. On the back of the portrait is an inscription.

Peregrine Parr had not wasted his time.

THE FINAL BOURNE.

I wrote some verses, half a score—
(For I've the poet's knack),
I sent them to an editor,
Who promptly sent them back.
My poem overflowed with wit
I felt convinced, but yet
Another soon rejected it
With orthodox regret.

The verses were the sort of gem
A paper ought to seek.
For many months I posted them
Precisely twice a week.
But homeward at the close of day
They came so often, that
Their impact almost wore away
The "Welcome" on the mat.

But now at last they've found a home;
They are not wholly lost.
No longer will they have to roam,
By callous postmen tossed.
For yesterday my Melisande
Commanded me to spare
Some trifle for her album, and
I wrote my verses there.

Theta.

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HOW TO ENTER THE CONTEST TO-DAY.

The first thirty-six pictures appeared in the "Royal Magazine" for July, August, and September. Copies may be obtained through any newsagent for 4½d. each, or the three numbers will be sent post free for 1s. 5½d. from the Publisher, "Royal Magazine," 18 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

£1,000 IN CASH

OFFERED IN OUR

GREAT NEW PICTURE PUZZLE CONTEST.

FIRST PRIZE: £500.

SECOND PRIZE	THIRD PRIZE	FOURTH PRIZE
£200	£100	£50

Ten Prizes of £5 Pathéphones (with records),
One Hundred Prizes of £1 each.

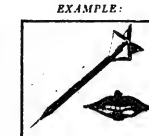
ON the following page you will find a set of twelve pictures representing the names of railway stations which have been selected by the Editor, and further sets of pictures will appear monthly in THE ROYAL MAGAZINE. These prizes are offered to the readers who discover the names of the railway stations represented under the conditions below.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO.

Competitors are required to write clearly in ink beneath each picture the name of the station they believe it represents, fill in their names and addresses in the space provided, cut out the page, and keep it until further instructions appear in THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

First look at the example. You will see that the picture shows a dart and a mouth. The correct answer is DARTMOUTH.

EXAMPLE:



DARTMOUTH.

READ THESE CONDITIONS CAREFULLY.

1. Write the name of each station clearly in ink. One name only is allowed under each picture.
2. No alterations may be made in the names. If you have made a mistake, cross out the word and write it afresh. When you have filled up your list cut it out and keep it till we tell you what to do with it.
3. Competitors may send in as many complete series of pictures as they please, but each complete series will be judged independently. Sets must be fastened together in the top left-hand corner.
4. The prize of £500 will be paid to the competitor from whom the Editor receives a complete series of pictures with all the names correct of the actual stations as represented. If no competitor sends in a correct list the prize of £500 will go to the sender of the most nearly correct list. In the event of ties the prizes will be divided.
5. The Editor of the ROYAL will not be responsible for the loss or non-delivery of any attempt, and proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of receipt or delivery.
6. No member of the staff of the ROYAL MAGAZINE may enter for this competition.
7. Only the names of railway stations found in Pearson's List of Railway Stations will be admitted. This list is obtainable for 3d. through any newsagent or bookstall, or it will be sent post free for three penny stamps by The Publisher, Room 24, THE ROYAL MAGAZINE, 18 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.
8. Competitors must agree to abide by these conditions, and the Editor's decision is in every respect final.

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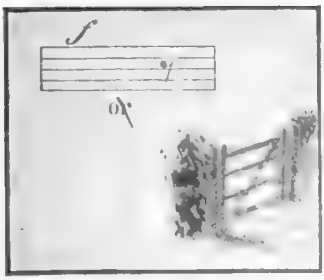
FIFTH SET OF PICTURE PUZZLES (Nos. 37–48).



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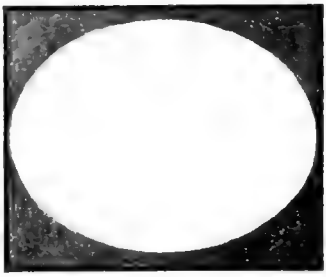

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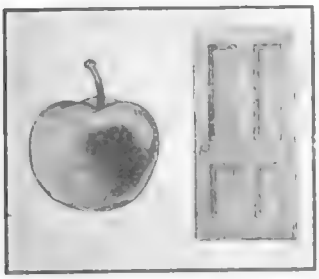

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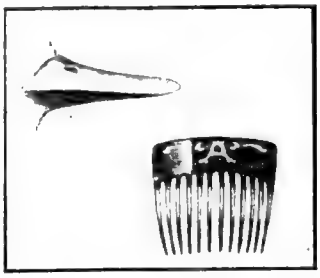

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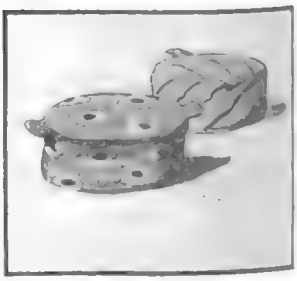

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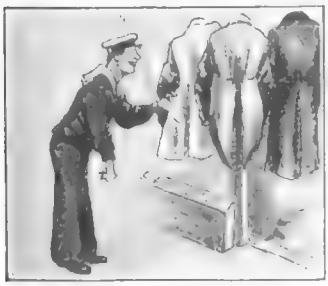

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NAME ....

Photo *Cribb, Southsea.*

H.M.S. "Collingwood," in which Prince Albert is serving.

Since in this period of national stress battleships form our principal organisation for victory, this article, telling you exactly what a battleship is, what it is for, and how it goes into action, should be of intense interest.

BATTLESHIPS are the heavyweights of naval warfare. It is an axiom that the sea-fight of to-day goes to the fleet which can hit first, hit hardest, and keep on hitting. Victory is gained by the sheer weight of metal a fleet can plug into its adversary, and consequently battleships are the deciding factor, because they carry the heaviest guns.

For example, the *Iron Duke*, our latest battleship, carries ten 13·5-inch guns, and the weight of her broadside is 14,600 lb.

A battleship is a great floating fortress from 500 to 575 feet long, with a speed of about 21 knots, and costing from one and a-half to two millions. She carries from 700 to 900 officers and men.

She is protected from the shells of the enemy by a belt of armour twelve inches thick, made of the hardest, toughest steel it is possible to manufacture, and the men working her big guns are shielded by steel of similar thickness.

Inside she is a perfect maze of intricate machinery. This does not refer only to the 30,000 horse-power turbines which drive her through the water, but the various maid-of-all-work power plants for hoisting ammunition, distilling fresh water, electric lighting, gun-firing, and so forth. Where there is a little space left over from all this, the officers and crew live.

The feeding of a battleship's crew is no small task, and the cost in the case of a Dreadnought amounts to something like £30 a day.

The Admiralty allows the officers exactly the same rations as the men, and they give them to their steward, who also gets about 2s. a day from each officer. The steward disposes of the regulation food allowance as he sees fit, and caters for the officers out of the aggregate. Captains and admirals cater for themselves, independent of the ward-room (senior officers) and gun-room (junior officers). The captain has his meals in solitary state.

The men are fed on a basis of 10d. a day, being given a food ration which costs 6d., and a "messing allowance" of 4d. in cash, which they spend as they like—at the canteen or by purchasing articles from the ship's store at the price these commodities cost the Government, duty extra, if there is any.

Every day in the Navy at about midday grog is served out free to all the men. Each man is entitled to half a pint of a mixture of one part of rum to three of water, provided

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Photo *Cribb, Southsea.*

H.M.S. *Iron Duke* and H.M.S. *Marlborough*. These are two of our very latest battleships. The arrows are pointing to the anti-aeroplane guns—quite a new feature in warships.

he is over twenty years of age; but he can surrender it if he likes for a money allowance amounting to 1½d. every two days, and a good many do.

Great efforts have been made latterly to feed the Navy well, and a great reform was instituted in 1903 by increasing meals from three to five. They are now: 5 to 5.30 a.m., cocoa; 8 to 8.45 a.m, breakfast; 12 to 1.15 p.m., dinner; 4.15 to 4.45 p.m., tea; 7.30 to 8 p.m., supper.

The officers of a battleship (or any other, for that matter) are divided into two sections —executive and civil. The executive branch, from midshipman to admiral, is distinguished by the much-prized "executive curl" on the last band of gold braid round the cuff denoting rank.

The civil branch — engineers, doctors, chaplains, paymasters, etc.—do not wear this curl on their cuffs.

This is what happens when a battleship is cleared for action:

The captain sends for the officers in charge of various special branches—the gunnery and torpedo lieutenants, the senior engineer officer, the paymaster, the doctor, and the commander—and has a pow-wow with them regarding their respective arrangements. Among other things, he would see that food was prepared to last for a fairly long period, so that no cooking need be done during action, yet, at the same time, the men would be properly fed.

Then the commander gives the word: "Clear lower deck; clear ship for action!"

There follows a period of terrific energy. Everything in the way of gunfire, such as boat-davits, and chains and stanchions round the edge of the deck, must be cleared away or laid flat. Arrangements are made to steer the ship from the conning-tower, a heavily armoured refuge whence the captain will control the ship as soon as she is in action. The torpedo men overhaul their torpedoes, and the gun crews test the electric circuits for firing the guns, look after the ammunition supply, and so forth.

Other men inspect the steering gear, both steam and hand, and the engine-room crew overhaul the engines, raise steam to a good pressure, and get everything ship-shape. Water is placed handy for drinking, and hoses are rigged conveniently for fire-extinguishing purposes.

One of the greatest dangers being from fire caused by the enemy's shells, necessitating the withdrawal of men from their

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Photo *Cribb, Southsea.*

H.M.S. *Monarch* firing her 13·5 guns.

proper stations in order that it may be extinguished, as much combustible matter as possible is thrown overboard. Wooden fittings of every kind, furniture, wooden ladders (replaced by wire ones), are all flung into the sea. Everything possible, such as yards, boat-derricks, etc., is secured additionally, and the decks are cleared completely and flooded with water.

The guns' crews take their places, men are stationed by the closed water-tight doors, in the magazines and shell-rooms. The doctor and his assistants are ready to tackle the wounded.

Then "general quarters" is sounded, the guns are loaded, and officers in charge of various departments report all ready to the captain in the conning-tower.

When the enemy is sighted, the captain orders the 13·5-inch guns to open fire. Perhaps the first shot falls short; the range is corrected, and then all the main armament blazes away. Nowadays the fire of the whole ship is controlled by the gunnery officer from a fire-control station. Great secrecy is maintained in the British service as to fire control methods, but we may take it that they are highly efficient.

So the action proceeds. The battleship

Photo *Daily Mirror.*

Inside the gun turret of a warship, showing the breech of the great weapon open.

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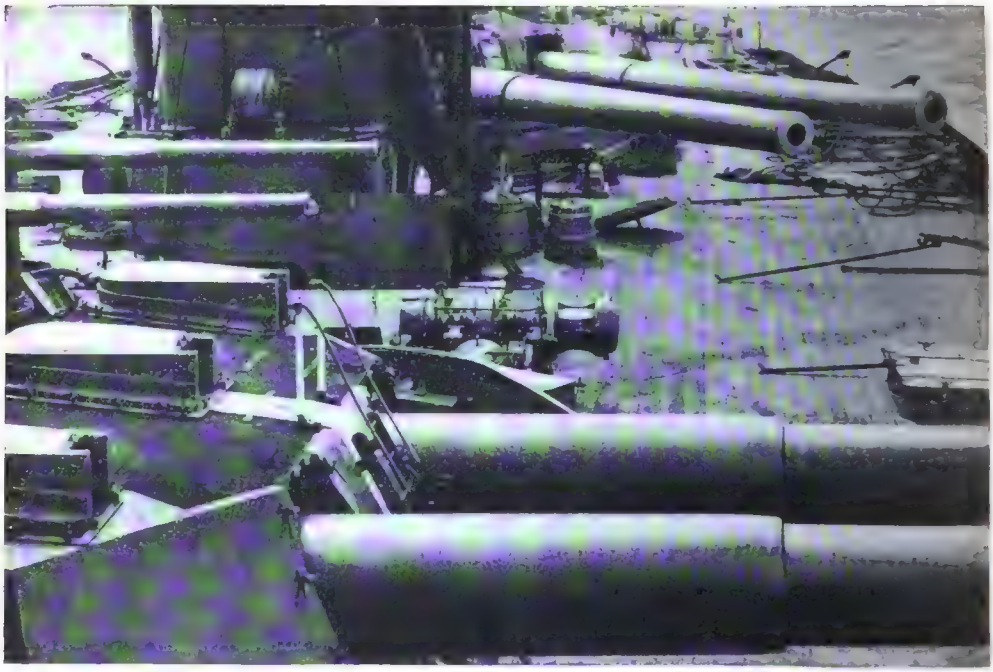

Photo *Daily Mirror.*

The *Dreadnought's* deck cleared for action at their guns, unseen. When a fight is in progress all the men are below, in the stokehold or The *Dreadnought* was the pioneer all-big-gun ship.

rocks and quivers from the recoil of her own broadsides. Dense fumes from the guns enshroud her. The enemy's shells shriek about her, and carry away her funnels, legs of her tripod masts, and any deck fittings that remain. Not a fragment of crockery on board is left unbroken.

Down in the engine-room the stokers sweat and slave. They may all be blown to perdition the next moment, but until then steam must be kept up. The guns' crews grow numbed and dizzy with the strain. They continue their work mechanically.

At last the fire of the enemy slackens. Such of his ships as are not sunk surrender. The admiral makes a general signal: "Well done our side!" The battle is won.

Photo *Dinham.*

H.R.H. Prince Albert, the King's second son, who is serving in H.M.S. *Collingwood*.

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BLAKE'S BIG BAG

A Babble About a Bang at the Birds.

By J. P. Loughnan.

When my old pal, Tom Stannarde, asked me down to his place for some shooting, I accepted the invitation because I knew Nellie Stannarde would be there. The shooting part of the programme didn't worry me much, as I'm one of those coves who never hit anything, except by mistake, don't you know.

I had already proposed to Nellie several times, but she always laughed at me, which, of course, was better than giving me the boot right away, although not as satisfactory as it might have been. I still had hopes of pulling it off, so to speak, and when Tom and I got down to Westdale, you bet I was on the look-out for a chance of appealing to Nellie's better feelings, and all that sort of thing, you understand.

Well, things looked rather hopeful on our arrival, I thought. Nellie's favourite dog had just been poisoned by some horrid old blackguard, and I simply worked the sympathetic line for all I was worth. Don't misunderstand me, though; I *did* feel sympathy for poor old Nell in her misfortune, only my sympathy was a sort of means-to-an-end affair, if you twig my meaning.

Next morning Nellie and I were left alone for a bit after breakfast, so, of course, I didn't let the opportunity slip, but just whipped in with a proposal right away. I was getting quite bright at the accomplishment by now (I'd had so much practice with Nell, you see), and this time I brought the position right home to her by means of a pointed illustration.

"Now, Nellie, dear, if you were engaged to me," I said, "and anyone dared to poison one of your pets, I'd go and raise Cain over it. I'd be in an official position to do it, you see, being your *fiancé*. As things are, I can only sympathise."

"You're a tiresome boy, Reggie," she replied; "and you're not to propose to me again until—until—well, you've done something really brilliant."

"And then you'll say 'Yes'?"

"Perhaps—*when* you've done something brilliant."

Just then Tom came up in a fearful state of mind.

"Look here, Reg," he exclaimed, "I can't come out with you to-day; I simply must drive over to Westborough to see old Squire Rankin about the sale of a motor-car. He's wired to say he'll expect me there at eleven this morning. Do you mind going out with the keeper, old man?"

"Not a bit," I replied.

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He gave me minute instructions as to where the keeper was to meet us, and then Nellie clinched matters by promising to bring me out some lunch, which was jolly sporting of her. So Tom went off to meet the Squire, and I went off to meet the keeper, and Nellie went off indoors, and that was how the day began.

It was one of those fine September mornings when people who can hit partridges expect to have good sport, but, as I can't hit 'em, the partridges don't worry me much, I can assure you. No, all the time I was walking to meet that keeper I was thinking about Nellie Stannarde, and wondering whether it was humanly possible for me ever to do anything really brilliant and so have the right of proposing to her for the eighth time.

When I came to turn the matter over in my mind, it struck me that she had just about taken the best possible way of choking me off. You see, I'm not brilliant; that's the trouble.

Being very busy with these thoughts, I didn't pay much attention to the direction I was following, but presently I saw a white gate, and, as Tom had said the keeper would be at a white gate, I just climbed over into the next field. I'd never been to Tom's place before, you must remember.

When I got into the field, I saw a hayrick a bit to my right, and between the hayrick and the hedge a leathery-looking old fellow was sitting on the ground, smoking thoughtfully.

"Hullo," I called out; "are you waiting for me?"

The old chap gave a big start, and for a moment I thought he was going to disappear through the hedge, he looked so startled. But I just smiled at him encouragingly, and came up and stood beside him. Then I saw there was a gun lying at his side, and I knew I was all right, don't you know.

"Mr. Stannarde has been called away to Westborough, and cannot come out with us to-day," I explained; "so he wants you to take me round; but I'm a jolly bad shot, so you'll have to bring down the birds."

He eyed me in a thoughtful kind of way, and then knocked the ashes out of his pipe. "You do be a stranger down here, sir," he said, getting up on to his feet.

"That's right, so I must leave the beat to you," I replied.

"Very good, sir," he returned cheerfully, and, picking up his gun, he stepped out smartly round the hayrick. Just about the same time a queer long dog appeared from nowhere, with a dead rabbit in its mouth. The old chap stowed the rabbit away in his pocket, and winked at me.

"We'll pretend you shot that, sir," he chuckled delightedly.

"Right-o," I remarked; but I was beginning to think of Nellie again by that time.

Off we went over the fields, and, by Jove, it was a fine sporting piece of country, and no mistake. The birds got up everywhere—great coveys of 'em, don't you know, and the old chap fairly let 'em have it, bringing down a "right and left" almost every time. As for me, well, do you know, those birds were so thick that once when I blazed into 'em as they were turning, I brought down three with one barrel. Awful bad form that, amongst shooters, but my old friend laughed with delight, and hastened to cram them into his extraordinary coat, which seemed to be all pockets.

When we came upon rabbits, we didn't bother about shooting 'em. That long dog was so nippy, it was better fun to see him catch them. I tell you, we did have some sport that morning!

Well, it was about twelve o'clock, and the old chap looked like a walking barrel, he was so much stuffed out with the birds we'd shot, when suddenly he laid hold on my arm and dragged me down into some long grass at the edge of a fence.

"What's the matter?" I asked excitedly.

He kept peering through the grass blades for some time. Then he turned to me, and pointed stealthily out over the fields ahead of us. I followed the direction indicated, and there, over a hill, I saw the figure of a man hurrying like smoke towards us. In his hand was a gun.

"Who is he?" I asked.

The old chap gave me a queer look.

"Why, a poacher, of course!" he said. "We must nab him, sir. Will you help me?"

"Why, of course," I told him, and he fairly grinned at that.

"Come along," he said; and, getting up, he began to walk to a gap in the hedge quite calmly. I felt sure the poacher would see us and bolt, but when we had got through the gap, and looked back, he was still advancing.

"He looks a very respectable man," I whispered, as the stranger began to draw nearer.

"Yes, he's a gentleman poacher—the

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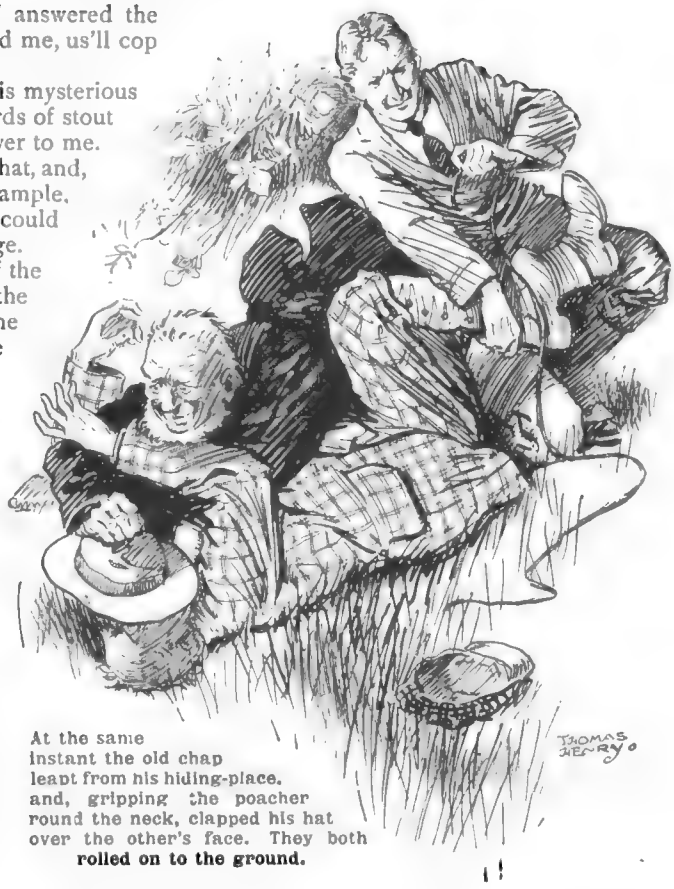
terror of the neighourhood," answered the old chap grimly, "but you and me, us'll cop him this time."

He dived into the lining of his mysterious coat, and produced several yards of stout whipcord, which he handed over to me. Then he took off his big, soft hat, and, motioning me to imitate his example, crouched back as far as he could get into the depths of the hedge.

We were one on each side of the gap, and presently I heard the panting of the other man as he drew near. He seemed to be hurrying, and then, before I realised it, he came through the hedge between us.

At the same instant the old chap leapt from his hiding-place, and, gripping the poacher round the neck, clapped his hat over the other's face. They both rolled on to the ground, struggling and kicking, but then I fell upon our opponent, and very soon managed to truss him up with the keeper's whipcord. When his hands and feet were securely tied, the old chap pushed him head first into the fence, and then recovered his hat and led me a short distance away.



At the same instant the old chap leapt from his hiding-place, and, gripping the poacher round the neck, clapped his hat over the other's face. They both **rolled on to the ground.**

"I'll just go off and get some assistance, sir," he said in a low voice, "for he's a terrible character, and would never be taken by the two of us alone."

I looked at my watch, and remembered that Nellie had promised to bring me some lunch. "Where's the Three Oak Spinney?" I demanded. "Miss Stannarde is meeting me there with some lunch in half-an-hour."

His face brightened unaccountably.

"Go straight over yonder hill, sir, and you'll see the spinney before you," he explained.

Then he touched his hat and hurried off, with the long dog trotting behind him.

I fairly pegged over that hill, and in twenty minutes I was sitting on the spinney gate, waiting impatiently for Nellie's arrival. She came along soon afterwards, with a groom and a pony-trap, and you may be sure I told her all about the adventures of the morning.

She listened with the greatest interest, but I couldn't quite understand why she asked me so many questions. She wanted me to point out just the direction in which I and the keeper had walked, where we had seen the poacher, and where we had left him. Finally, she asked for a description of the keeper, and, when I told her, I noticed that her eyes fairly twinkled, don't you know. But when I described the poacher, she simply shrieked with delight.

"Come along this very minute, Reggie, and show me the man with his face in the hedge," she commanded, and so, of course, off I hoofed back over the hill again.

When we got fairly near the gap in the hedge, she stood still and peered forward at the prostrate poacher. Of course, she didn't exactly get the view of him that showed him at his best, don't you know. But she could see the soles of his boots, and his coat-tails, and just a bit of his shoulders. That seemed to be quite enough for her, however. She simply drew me off out of earshot, and then laughed and laughed and laughed, until she was so weak I had to help support her, which was jolly decent for me, you can understand.

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"I think you might tell me the joke, Nell," I said, as we turned back in the direction of our lunch. "What is there so particularly funny about our having captured this gentleman poacher johnny, eh?"

"I'll tell you, Reggie," she gasped between her spasms of laughter. "To begin with, Tom's keeper came to the house, through a misunderstanding, about half-an-hour after you left this morning."

"What!" I cried. "Then wasn't the old chap I met your keeper?"

"No," gurgled Nellie. "He must have been old Edgecombe, the most notorious poacher in the district. Then," she went on, "you have not been shooting over our land at all."

"Good Heavens!" I groaned. "Have we been trespassing?" "Yes, Reggie. You've been trespassing in pursuit of game over the preserves of Sir George Gatley, the meanest old beast in the county! He puts down raisins to draw other people's pheasants on to his land every year. He prosecutes anyone who sets so much as a foot inside one of his fields. And—and—he poisons dogs — yes, even pet dogs which may stray from home, through a mere accident!"

Her eyes grew suspiciously bright, and, looking at her, the truth began to dawn upon me.

"Nellie," I exclaimed, "I'm jolly glad I've been poaching on old Gatley's land this morning! He's the man who poisoned Fido. Confess that I have guessed right, Nell!"

She nodded her head in tragic acquiescence. "He did, Reg!" she sobbed.

"Brute, blackguard!" I cried hotly. "Would that he had fallen into my clutches! How I would have punished him!"

A radiant smile, like a rainbow after the storm, don't you know, illuminated Nellie's ripping face.

"Reggie," she murmured, "you have punished him!"

"No, no," I declared. "To shoot the birds is not enough (I had only shot three!); I burn to make him suffer in person."

Nellie bubbled mischievously.

"He is suffering in person," she explained primly. "The 'poacher' you caught and tied up is Sir George Gatley himself!"

I leapt high into the air, with an exclamation of delight. And as I reached the ground again, the full realisation of what I had done flashed right into my head, so to speak. I caught both Nellie's hands in mine and made her face me.

"Nell," I said slowly and impressively, "do you know that I have done something really brilliant this morning? And do you know that this entitles me to make my eighth proposal to you here and now, little girl?"

Her eyes dropped before mine, and her cheeks and neck went an awfully jolly shade of pink.

"I love you, Nellie," I said, "and you are going to marry me."

And this time I didn't even wait for her to answer.

I caught both Nellie's hands in mine and made her face me. "Nell," I said . . . "do you know that I have done something really brilliant this morning?"

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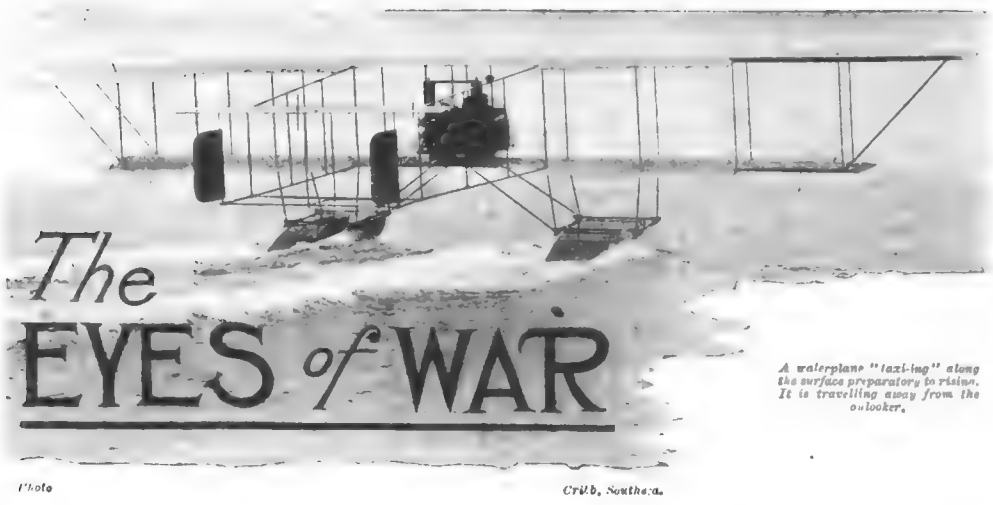

The EYES of WAR

A waterplane "taxi-ing" along the surface preparatory to rising. It is travelling away from the onlooker.

Photo Crib, Southsea.

On the eve of war, such as never before occurred in the history of a war-scourged world, this article is being written in an attempt to sketch briefly the scope and duties, the perils and opportunities, of the Air Service. By the time it appears the terrible possibilities it foreshadows may have been eclipsed by more appalling realities, but we live just now in a period when events an hour old might well be centuries out of date.

By Frank St. Austell.

A CRACKLING roar like the rattle of all the machine guns in the world, the swift noiseless rush of a slender, impalpable winged body over the ground, a sudden imponderable lifting in the air, and she's up and away—the latest thing in military biplanes, observer in front, pilot behind, is loosed on her desperate journey.

Her personnel may be Smith and Jones, or Lord Brown and Sir Thomas Robinson. They are borne upon the strength of the Military or Naval wing as So-and-so and So-and-so. But in reality they are not of this world; they have the wild, unearthly glamour of doomed men; the Valkyries, the Choosers of the slain, have marked them for the unsearchable bliss of Valhalla; these men move and breathe, but, saving some miracle, they are already dead.

Their place is that of Uriah the Hittite, among the mighty men of valour in the forefront of the battle. They are the eyes and ears of war, and in addition their task is to seek out and destroy their opposite numbers on the other side. If there should come a long, bomb-gorged, monstrous, airship, spreading fire and brimstone over a defenceless city or countryside, the military pilot's duty is plain. He must seek her out and destroy her, or if the light gun he mounts in his bow will not suffice, he must blast the lives of her crew into eternity at the cost of his own, climb above them till he gets the weather-gauge, and then plunge in one death-dealing swoop, clean through her gas envelope, to be charred instantaneously by the inestimable heat of igniting gases.

Just so do the salt of the services go forth to war. It may be in an army machine, soaring aloft above distracted troops; it may be in a sea-plane, over the tossing crests of angry waves, to spy out what long black shapes lurk behind the shelter of some cape, or in some hidden arm of the ocean. In peace they risk their lives daily to prepare for war; in war we send them out in coveys, so that one, at least, may come back.

The airship crew dare no less, but theirs is not the lone path of peril winged by the aeroplane pilot. They are thirty men, with a solid craft 500 feet long beneath their feet, space in which to move, the make-believe of security. They mount guns that will pierce the deck armour of cruisers. Long before this war, a gunner in a German airship, three and a half miles away, at a height of 3,000 feet, got the exact range of a target drifting on Lake Constance with his third shot, and riddled it, making close on a hundred per cent. of hits; and bomb-dropping approached the level of an exact science. The airship can destroy aeroplanes

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This picture gives some idea of aerial warfare. A Zeppelin airship is being attacked by an armoured monoplane and two waterplanes. The waterplane above the airship has just dropped a bomb, and the other is attacking it with a light machine gun.

by gun-fire as a battleship sinks destroyers, but the risks of her crew are equal, for fog or storms may mean ultimate disaster. Moreover, there is no landing except at a shed.

Long before the debauch of slaughter that now rages from Lemburg to the Loire, from the Cape to the North Sea, had commenced, those destined to be the Eyes of War had laid their plans, and perfected their strategy.

The aeroplane or sea-plane would have her light machine gun; the airship mounted guns of a heavier type in her car and on her gas envelope. She also carried special bombs to be dropped at night to illuminate the country below and light the gunners in their deadly work. There was that terrible invention the trailing torch, to be dragged blazing through a doomed countryside, leaving behind a flaming desolation no man could cope with because of its vast extent.

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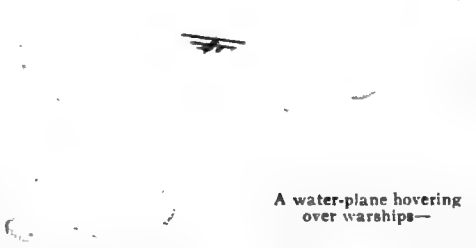
Both the acroplane and the airship had practised bomb-dropping—more effective in the case of airships because of the greater bulk of explosive they could carry. These bombs were to be dropped down the funnels of warships, in arsenals, and oilstores, even, in extremity, haphazard over a doomed country to strike terror into the populace. But chiefly, the omniscience, the absolute and complete knowledge of the Eyes of War, was hailed as a weapon.



A water-plane hovering over warships—

Imagine for a moment the mental suffering of a criminal watched night and day who knows he is watched. Sleeping, waking, eating, resting, getting up, and lying down, he feels he is never alone. Unseen presences note every twitch of his lips, every start of his tortured nerves. They observe the agony of despair in which he struggles to maintain a calm exterior. Nothing escapes them. There is no deceiving them. They know all.

So it is to-day with a hostile army. There is an end to secrecy. Unless a general hides his troops in the very caverns of the earth he cannot escape those calm eyes whose owners ride upon the heavens as on an horse at speeds varying from the minimum required to keep from falling to eighty or ninety miles an hour, and take account of the very last brigade, the uttermost squadron. There is no respite for him. He might as well come out into the open, and fling his forces at the head of his opponent in the old crude shock tactics initiated by Alexander the Great and the Greek phalanx.

And this ceaseless watching is not without its effect on the *moral* of the troops. In time it becomes unbearable. Their utmost efforts at concealment avail them nothing. There is always that growing, sinister, crackle of the exhaust, that mocking speck in the sky.

Dread is the chief weapon of the air-service. They have conquered fear, and bestowed a double portion of it on their enemies.

The Eyes of War look death in the face from the outset. Nothing can disillusion them, because they have no illusions. When Moses came down from Mount Sinai, bearing the tables of stone on which were the Ten Commandments, no man could look on his face because of the glory of it, so that he was obliged to cover himself with a veil.

And so, in a measure, no ordinary being can look on these Service pilots, if he possesses one grain of imagination. You are looking at someone who is a little more than human, because he has travelled in spirit beyond the fear of death. When death no longer holds any terror, the spirit of him who is not afraid has reached far beyond this world, and that is why these pilots have about them something remote, inexplicable, passing the ordinary understanding.

Accordingly, it is not for us, who are commonplace people, to judge them in anything they may do. Our sins are not theirs any more than their virtues are our virtues. From the outset their lives are forfeit, and a man can do no more than lay down his life for his fellows.

Photo Cribb, *Southsea.*

—This photograph, taken during the assembly of the Fleet at Spithead for the Royal inspection, gives an excellent idea of how the seaplane looks to the warship and *vice versâ*.

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"NOTCHY"

"There was no one like 'im,
'orse or foot,
Nor any of the guns I
knew."

By L. A. Burgess.
(*Mrs. T. D. Trudgian.*)

I.

Outside, in the gloom of a starless night, the evil Levanter wind moaned and shuddered about Europa Point, and threw itself in short, passionate gusts against the walls of the military hospital. But within this tiny ward all was very still. The hurrying tick of the "service pattern" clock sounded with loud, imperious distinctness, the voice of a falling cinder came with startling force. The crackle and bubble of the leaping flames struck an incongruous note of cheeriness. The silence of death and the shadow of a sorrow too deep for words lay upon the room.

Nobby Clarke was dying, and his chum watched beside him.

"Nobby" was not his real name. This was Charles Edward, and had been bestowed upon him with tender pride by his mother some twenty-three summers ago, and augmented by a generous War Office eighteen years later by the prefix of a lengthy numeral and the title of "Gunner"; but the regimental traditions which have ordained that every Brown admitted to the ranks shall be known to his comrades as "Topper," every Rhodes as "Dusty," and every Murphy as "Spud," have in like manner bestowed the sobriquet of "Nobby" upon every owner of the surname of Clarke. Hence as Nobby he was known.

Neither was "Notchy" the correct name of the man seated at the bedside, staring with dreary eyes into the glowing heart of the fire. His small-book declared him to be Thomas George Knight, but the same nickname-loving barrack-room from out a frail knowledge of Spanish had contrived a feeble pun. And how should Thomas Atkins otherwise pronounce *Noche?*

Across the tense stillness broke a whispered cry.

"Notchy!"

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The waiting figure sprang to his feet—a tall, heavily-built man, clad in the loose blue serge of a patient in a military hospital—and bent over the bed. The white, exhausted face lying on the pillow looked up at him, a hungry longing in the sunken eyes. There was so much to be said, and so little time and strength left.

"Notchy," the weak voice panted out—"don't let her ever know—mother, I mean—how it happened. Keep all that back from her. Let her go on thinkin'—wot she does about me. Never let her know anything diff'rent."

"I promise you that, lad."

Notchy's voice was strong and steady. With gentle fingers he touched the fair hair above the white, damp forehead.

"And Elsie, too! She mustn't know."

Notchy nodded. This time he could not fully trust his voice.

The look of painful entreaty left Nobby's face. His thoughts, only half controlled by the failing brain, slid into a new channel.

"I know it was you she cared for all along—not Joe Wildish. I've always been sure of it," he murmured faintly, and fell again into the semi-consciousness in which, for him, all this day had passed.

Down in the barrack square below the shrill notes of a bugle sounded the "First Post."

From a darkened corner where she had been busying herself stealthily with a dressing-waggon came a nursing sister, her dress a ghostly blur of pale colouring.

"Knight, I'm afraid you must go back to your own ward now. The orderly officer may be here any minute."

Her voice was very gentle, for a rumour of the depth of the friendship between these two had reached her, and she knew that this was their last meeting. By the firelight she saw his face whiten.

"Very well, Sister," he answered quietly. He looked down upon his chum's unconscious face.

"Good-night, old chap," he said softly. "I'll——" His voice broke, and, his mouth twitching oddly, he turned from the bed and noiselessly left the room.

The large ward of whose inmates he made one was only a few paces removed from that in which Nobby was dying. Through the long, silent hours of the night he lay awake, staring out into the darkness with burning, tearless eyes, listening with strained attention for the patter of hurried footsteps and the faint sounds of unusual stir that from time to time reached him. It was awful to lie there powerless, whilst, separated from him by only a few yards' distance, his friend was being forced away from him. Into the torture of the present came fitful memories of the past.

They had been chums ever since they had first met in the depôt, when Notchy, a man of several years' service, had befriended Nobby, then a nervous and bewildered recruit, against the taunts and horseplay of his new acquaintances; and since the massive strength, quickly roused temper, and caustic speech of the older man commanded the wholesome respect of the barrack-room, the youngster had profited from the alliance.

In other ways, too, had the friendship been of service, for Notchy had ensconced himself as monitor, and had tactfully guided the lad through the difficulties that beset a "recruit's" path, had shielded him as well as he could from evil, and had taught him the worth of a clean defaulter sheet.

His own held many entries—all sad tributes to the strength of his great failing, drink—but his admonitions perhaps gained in weight on that account. The boy, now prospering in his regiment, felt affectionate gratitude for his benefactor, and, with deep cunning, introduced him to his sister Elsie, who had taken a situation as housemaid in the suburbs of the town where stood their barracks.

Elsie!

Listening, listening to the faint, ominous sounds that reached him from the next ward, across the memories of those earlier days came a vision of a fair face crowned with soft, brown hair, and lit up by laughing eyes of blue.

And a paradise had come into view—a paradise to which he himself had prevented entrance.

It was the eve of departure for Gibraltar of a draft of gunners. Young Clarke and his friend were amongst the number, and Elsie, her gentle heart agitated equally by sorrow for the coming separation and a shyly glad anticipation of the proposal of marriage which she knew Notchy would make that day, had journeyed into the town for a farewell meeting.

On her way to the appointed place of tryst, she was stopped in a narrow street by a noisy crowd gathered around a group of struggling men. Gunner Knight, dishevelled, mad with drink, was being taken to the guard-room by a couple of military police, and was "resisting escort." She stared in horror-stricken amazement.

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Two years had passed since then, and yet Notchy, lying on a hospital-cot in distant Gibraltar, could still see the horror on the young face—the horror that, meeting his answering look of dazed recognition, had changed to a burning contempt. He groaned aloud at the remembrance.

Thus the courtship had perished ignobly. She had written him a letter every word of which held a sting, and shortly after arrival at the Rock he had learnt from Nobby that she had married Joseph Wildish, an old admirer and prosperous greengrocer.

And Notchy, fiercely abjuring from that disastrous hour the drink that had proved his undoing, had carried a broken heart to Gibraltar. But firmly rooted in its tortured depths was a grimly stern resolve to redouble his care for Nobby, since by doing so he could still serve the girl whose love he had forfeited.

There came to him from across the corridor signs of added stir, subdued, hurried words, a sharp command given in the orderly officer's voice, a patter of running footsteps, then a great silence.

Notchy sat up in bed. He was trembling violently.

The orderly attached to the ward on night-duty came forward, and Notchy, his white face glistening wetly in the dim light, grasped his arm.

"Find out if he's dead—Nobby, I mean—quick!" he said hoarsely.

The orderly nodded and left him.

A few minutes later a tall, khaki-clad figure laid a hand upon his shoulder. It was the medical officer in charge of this division of the hospital, and on orderly duty for that day. A whisper of the deep friendship binding these two gunners had reached him too, and assisted him in the diagnosis of a pain of vague location, but seemingly poignant strength, which had necessitated Notchy's admission to hospital the day following the arrival of a certain grim-burdened stretcher.

"It's all over, my lad," he said kindly. "The end came very peacefully about ten minutes ago."

Notchy caught his breath painfully. He stared fixedly ahead. Then:

"There'll be a deal o' things to settle up for him," he said quietly, as though speaking to himself. "And there'll be the funeral." His white, suffering face looked up appealingly. "I'd thank you to mark me out to-morrow, sir. I——" His voice failed.

The medical officer nodded. "I understand. I'll see if the colonel will give you a 'special discharge.'"

II.

Pacing slowly in the afternoon sunshine up the Europa Road, Notchy bent his brain to the composition of the letter which he meant to send to Nobby's widowed mother. He found the task difficult, since it involved a power of imagination which had never been his. His efforts were urged onwards by the dying lad's words: "Let her go on thinking—what she does about me."

Yes, the illusion must at all costs be kept up—the pitiful assumption that her boy had remained to the end the frank, decent-living, promising young soldier of earlier days. For the honour of his dead chum, for the sake of the mother's loving heart, and to keep a shadow away from a girl's face, he must hide the shame of these two years in Gibraltar, when Nobby, coming under the influence of a coterie of evil spirits, had thrown off allegiance to his old friend, and had plunged headlong down a path of evil living.

"It was him being stationed up at Europa and me down at North Front as did the mischief," soliloquised Notchy sadly, drifting into gloomy retrospect. "If we had kept in the same barrack-room it would ha' been different. He thought a deal of me, did Nobby. Always turned to me between-times and promised to start afresh. That Wilson lot was too much for 'im."

Notchy swore fluently. Then he realised that he was wandering away from the construction of the letter which must be posted that evening, and he wrinkled his brow in thoughtful furrows.

The first part, he decided, would be comparatively easy. It would not be difficult to dwell only on the lovable traits of the dead man's character, and statements as to the zeal and efficiency with which his military duties had ever been performed, could easily be coined. It was the last tragic scene of that spoilt young life that defied his poor powers.

With a fierce resentment in his heart he glanced up towards where the Detention Barracks struck a glaring note of red brick against the monotonous grey of the Rock. For it was in a drunken orgy held to celebrate his return from imprisonment within those grim walls that Nobby had met with the injuries resulting in his death.

How could he hide this woeful ending?

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What story could he weave that should cast a halo of honour around that premature death? He wondered if an official report, entering into undesirable details, would be sent to the bereaved mother, and in his perplexity he groaned aloud.

A voice from the entrance to the Soldiers' Home that capped the hill he was climbing broke in upon his thoughts.

"Is that you, Gunner Knight? You are the very man I wanted to see!"

Notchy paused and touched his cap to the small, spare, elderly little lady who addressed him. It was Miss Ward, the superintendent of this Home with whose non-alcoholic attractions he had often tried to enslave Nobby. Invited by a little gesture, he followed her into a small, plainly-furnished room—half sitting-room, half office—where he stood looking down upon her from his great height with respectful attention.

Miss Ward, with quite a dramatic air, gave a cautious, backward glance at the closed door—then, in a lowered voice:

"Mrs. Clarke has come," she announced.

Notchy started violently. A look of bewilderment came into his face.

"What! Mrs. Clarke out here, in Gibraltar?" he repeated in incredulous amazement.

Miss Ward nodded.

"She arrived by the P. and O. this morning. They had cabled to her from the hospital to say that her son was dangerously ill, and the poor old lady found out that a boat was leaving for Gibraltar that very day, and started off at once. Yes—" in answer to Notchy's look of inquiry—"she knows all about it. She went up to the hospital directly she arrived. Poor old thing! It was a great shock to her to find that he was dead. An orderly brought her down to the Home, and she's going to stay here until the next boat sails for England—that will be on Monday. She's resting just now in her room."

Notchy scarcely heard the last sentences. His haggard face stared out through the window on to the dusty road.

"You say the old lady knows all about it, Miss Ward," he said at length, turning his troubled eyes towards her. He hesitated before his next words, although he knew that this shrewd-eyed little lady, to whom so many strange and tragic confidences had been breathed by harassed Tommies, knew of the shadow on his chum's latter days.

"Do you mean that—that she knows about his havin' been in trouble out here? In the letters we'd always kept it from her. And—and that row down in Waterport that finished him—she surely don't know about that?"

He searched her face anxiously.

"No, she knows nothing of all that," answered Miss Ward quickly. "I found that out at once. She's of opinion that poor Clarke was the best man and finest soldier on the Rock, and she has somehow gathered an impression that he met his death through being caught in the traffic down in the town—'the streets of which is terrible narrer,'" she added, in tender imitation of the old lady's speech.

"Then she mustn't ever get to hear of the true fac's of the case," said Notchy quietly. "I think it can be managed quite easy. She won't be seein' anybody 'cept you and me during these next few days, and once she gets back to that little village of hers in England she'll never meet anyone to tell her diff'rent. I know you'll help me."

His eyes were full of anxious appeal.

"You might say as how he was very religious, and attended the meetin's here reg'lar. P'r'aps you might say somethink about his repeatin' a tex' at the last. Or an 'ymn. Women think a deal of things like that."

The earnestness of his voice banished the humorous twitch that touched Miss Ward's mouth. She nodded gravely, and, disregarding the ethics of the situation, answered:

"I'll do my best for you, Knight." After a pause she added: "You were a good friend to him. Sergeant Willis told me this morning that you had refused promotion because you knew that as an N.C.O. you would not be in such close touch with him."

Notchy made a clumsy gesture of protest.

"Never did think much of the stripes—not for myself," he said awkwardly. His voice broke a little as he added in lower tones: "And when sober he was a bloke in a thousand."

A little stir came to them from the room above—the sound of slow footsteps followed by the careful opening and closing of a door.

"I believe the old lady is coming downstairs," said Miss Ward softly. "Did you ever meet her in England?"

Notchy shook his head.

"No," he answered—and paused. "But I knew his sister—Elsie."

Miss Ward's bird-like eyes scanned his face in sudden scrutiny—then into them flashed a sudden illumination. Notchy recognised it, and turned from it in awkward relief as the door behind him opened. The next moment he caught his breath quickly,

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staring hard at the little, bent old woman who was standing on the threshold.

For Elsie's eyes were looking into his from out an old, wrinkled face—Elsie's eyes, all drenched with tears and full of unutterable grief—and above them Elsie's wavy hair, now silvery-white, was parted in meek folds. Elsie's mouth, lined with forty added years of storm and stress, moved tremulously in an effort to speak; and when at last words came, it was Elsie's voice, though weak and cracked with age, that he heard.

"I'll just come down here for a bit, if you don't mind, ma'am," said the little old lady, with a twisted, pathetic attempt at a smile. "I don't seem able to sleep, someways."

Miss Ward laid her hand upon the shaking shoulder and drew her into a chair.

"Mrs. Clarke," she said gently, "this is Gunner Knight. He was your boy's great friend, you know."

And she left them together.

III.

The facile tears of old age trickled down the old lady's cheeks as she listened to Notchy's enthusiastic eulogy on her dead son. When he paused in conclusion, she laid a trembling hand upon his arm.

"Thank you, Mr.—Mr. Knight," she faltered. "He was always a good lad in England. I knew that he'd act the same when he went foreign. A dear, good lad!" Her voice broke off in a quavering sob that had the effect of spurring Notchy on to further effort.

"The best of lads!" he declared in heavy reiteration. "A clean, steady soldier! That's how I heard the sar'unt-major speak of him not more than three days before the accident. 'That Gunner Clarke,' he sez—'that Gunner Clarke—why, he'll be a bombardier in less than no time, and finish up as master-gunner!' That's what I heard the sar'unt-major say with my own ears."

Notchy felt a touch of melancholy pride in his little fable.

"It some'ow seems to help me, to hear he was so well thought of," said the tremulous old voice. "His letters didn't tell me very much. They were a bit short, and didn't come nearly often enough to please me."

A little sad smile touched her lips. Ah, Elsie's smile, robbed of its mirth! Notchy's mouth tightened.

"It was a bit lonesome for me after Elsie—his sister, you know—went away and got married," the old lady continued, and her candid eyes, as well as her words, told him that she did not know of that interrupted love-story. "They were all I had left. I prized his letters a deal. I used to post 'em on to Elsie. She pretty near worshipped her brother."

And Notchy, at whose instigation so many of those letters had been written, felt himself to be amply rewarded.

"But then my boy was never much of a letter-writer. I remember when he left school——"

The bereaved mother fell into a train of tenderly garrulous reminiscences. She seemed to find relief in talking of her dead son, and Notchy realised this, and listened with grave, attentive face, soothing her gently when sobs took the place of speech, glad to be of some comfort to this sorrowing old woman, the mother of his lost chum.

For she was Elsie's mother, too.

IV.

It was the early evening of the next day. With the hurried usage of Southern climes, the burial had taken place. In the hush of early morning, the slow, haunting strains of Chopin's *Marche Funèbre* had rolled in muffled music along the quiet road, and amidst all the rigid ceremonial of a military funeral young Clarke's body had been borne to the grave.

Notchy, pacing slowly behind the flag-draped gun-carriage, had shivered beneath the thought of a world from which the boy he had loved so dearly should be missing. In the coming week he knew he was to be called on to decide the question of "extension of service." Had Nobby lived, there would have been no doubt as to his course, but now it was all so different! How could he face that blank in the barrack-room and the constant reminders of the old, sweet, secret service of love?

Amidst the gay, quick strains of the return journey—the blithe music that strikes with a sense of incongruity dull minds that cannot read its teaching—his thoughts wandered to the girl he loved so deeply. Could it be true—what Nobby had said to him in those last, precious moments? Had she cared for him always—always? Though bound by law to another man, was her dear heart his alone?

A wonderful joy flashed into life at the thought—then passed, but left a serene afterglow of chastened peace. He might never see her again, but in the present, at least, he could continue to serve her.

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The joy of this service was alight in his sad heart as he mounted once again that day the long, dusty ascent to the Soldiers' Home. He had not seen Mrs. Clarke since their meeting yesterday, and judged rightly that Miss Ward had persuaded her not to face the ordeal of the funeral ceremony; but now that the heat of the mid-day sun had abated, he was sure that a little walk—say, a gentle stroll in the Alameda—would do her good.

He found her alone, for Miss Ward was attending one of the numerous meetings in which her heart delighted. He thought she was looking very tired, very desolate, and when the little touch of animation brought by his entrance had left her, he found himself looking at her in puzzled scrutiny. There was a tense, bewildered expression on the guileless old face that had taken the place of the tearful grief of yesterday. She seemed, too, to avoid looking directly at him, and there was a curious constraint in her manner.

"Yes, perhaps a bit of a walk would do me good," she agreed after a little hesitation. She added, a sobbing catch in her voice, "Thank you very kindly, Mr. Knight."

Outside the house, in the clearer light, she looked so white, so pitifully frail, that he hailed a passing *carozzi* and insisted upon driving to the entrance to the Gardens. On the way there she did not speak, but sat staring out of the jolting little cab with eyes that, he was certain, saw nothing. It was in silence still that they walked down one of the Alameda's broad paths.

He fancied that her feeble footsteps dragged more wearily as they went. At last——

"I think you'd best rest a bit here, mum," he said gently. "Don't you think so?"

The old lady nodded and sat down wearily in one of the divisions of the large, circular "shelter" he indicated. He seated himself beside her and, glancing compassionately down upon the worn, wrinkled face, wondered what he could say to comfort her stricken heart. Then he remembered that his praise of her dead son had seemed to bring her some little consolation, and he ransacked his brain for a fresh excellency with which to endow his memory.

Deciding finally upon Nobby's devotion to his home-people, he had cleared his throat and was about to speak when two infantrymen, chatting noisily together, strode into the adjoining partition of the shelter and flung themselves down upon the seat it held.

Notchy, his thoughts disturbed, frowned heavily, then stiffened in strained attention.

"Yes, they told me it was that Gunner Clarke's funeral," one of the men was saying. "Wasn't surprised to 'ear it, neither. I've only been on the Rock a month, but every time I seed him *in* that month it was either comin' out of, or goin' into, a pub. 'Teetotal chap myself," he explained virtuously. The next moment he gave a start of amazement, for a stranger's face, aflame with wrath, was close to his.

"Get out o' this!" whispered Notchy hoarsely, and jerked his arm backwards in a gesture weighty with meaning.

The man, discomfited, stared blankly at him—then followed the direction of that eloquent arm, and saw through the glass screen the little old lady. Some knowledge of the situation dawned on him, and muttering an incoherent apology, he nudged his companion, and the two vanished down a side-path.

Notchy returned to his charge's side. He noticed that the cotton-gloved hands resting upon her lap were clenched tightly. Her head was turned from him so that he could not see her face, but he knew that she had heard. What could he say to her—how strive to explain away those fateful words? He thought rapidly. Then his mouth hardened in sudden resolve. He must secure peace and unspoilt memories to Nobby's friends, even if the effort should make this gentle old lady shrink from him in pained surprise—even if (ah! how the vision hurt!) it should bring loathing once more to those dear eyes that he must never see again.

"I'm afraid you heard those remarks, mum," he said quietly, adding, as the black bonnet nodded in affirmation, "I was afraid so." A little pause; then slowly, heavily: "That bloke was quite right, mum. He's often seen your son inside of a pub, but he was there in search of me! I'm wot you'd call an 'eavy drinker, mum, I regret to say."

(The regret was contradicted by the touch of relish that crept into his voice as he realised how well this confession sounded.)

"At it continooal, day *and* night. And Nobby used to follow me round, tryin' to keep me from takin' the stuff. That bloke havin' only just come out 'ere didn't know the rights of the case, the which, I'm sorry to say, is wot I've just told you."

He drew nearer, looking down anxiously upon the averted head.

Slowly the little old lady turned her face

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"Get out o' this!" whispered Notchy hoarsely and jerked his arm backwards in a gesture weighty with meaning.

towards him. Tears were in her eyes, a tremulous smile about her mouth.

"Mr. Knight," she began, in such a broken, quivering voice that he had to bend towards her the better to catch her words, "I know all about it. About my boy, I mean."

Notchy straightened himself and looked at her in dull amazement.

"I know all about it," she repeated, with the same dreary little smile. "I've known all about it since this afternoon. The chaplain came to see me and he told me. He said he thought I ought to know." She added with difficulty, "Perhaps he was right."

Still Notchy was silent. He could not face any longer the pathos of those dim eyes. He

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stared steadily at the patch of gravelled path at his feet.

"It hurt a deal at first," went on the old lady, "but I've been thinking about it on the way down here, and it doesn't seem near so bad now. It comes easy to mothers, forgetting that sort o' thing, and I seem to love him now all the more because of the sorrow he brought to himself."

And Notchy, who had had no knowledge himself of a mother's love, nodded comprehendingly.

"And—and it's for such a little time, you know. I'm getting on for seventy, Mr. Knight."

Once more Notchy showed a ready understanding. He patted her hand with clumsy tenderness.

"I'll never forget your goodness, Mr. Knight. I'll get Elsie—that's my daughter, you know—to write and thank you, too, when I get back." And the mention of that name seemed to bring a comforting thought to the old lady, for she added, with a little sigh of content, "I'm glad she's back at home again."

Notchy turned towards her.

"What do you mean?" he asked quickly.

"Didn't my boy tell you? It happened about three weeks ago. I sent a letter to him about it, but p'r'aps it went astray someways through his being in—in——" She could not utter that word of shame.

"A letter about what?" Notchy's hand tightened upon her wrist and his heart's supreme hunger made his voice imperious.

A mild surprise flitted across the old lady's face.

"About her husband dying suddint and her coming back home. No, you've no call to look so upset, Mr. Knight. Joseph Wildish wasn't a good man, and he made her far from 'appy. She was glad to come back home again." The old lady added reflectively: "There's a baby-boy, too."

Then she gave a little surprised start, for Notchy, springing to his feet, seized her hand and wrung it with effusion.

"A baby-boy!" he cried. "Why—it would be all the same to me if there was half-a-dozen!"

THE HEART OF A MAID.

When Percy knocks I leave my book,
My hammock and my shady nook;
My cushions tumble on the ground
And everything goes whirling round—
For Percy's hat is on the hook!

And everybody smiles at me
And says 'tis charming, quite, to see
My joyful face and eager look
When Percy knocks.

For I just feel that I should die
If I could not jump up and fly
To Percy—for he's promised me
A sweet pearl necklace, don't you see?
My heart bounds up to meet the sky
When Percy knocks!

G. N.

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"For They are Jolly Good Fellows."

Pen Pictures of the Men who are Making War for Us.

ADMIRAL SIR JOHN RUSHWORTH JELLICOE.

Sir John Jellicoe, who at the outset of the war took supreme command of the British Home Fleets, is fifty-five years old, and a survivor of the H.M.S. *Victoria* disaster.

He was a keen cricketer and football player, and though he no longer plays either, he is, still very keen on games. On the tennis court Sir John makes an excellent partner and a formidable opponent, and is not an enemy to be despised at bridge. In his private life he is a devoted husband and a most affectionate father. He will give undivided attention and painstaking answers to the longest string of questions that even a small daughter with an inquiring mind could put to him.

One day while he was enjoying a game of tennis in the country the sounds of a heated quarrel between two tramps came from a neighbouring grass lane, so Sir John and one or two others went to reconnoitre. From the expedition he returned bandaged about the head, limping badly, and leaning heavily on the arm of another man, and for some moments kept up the illusion that he had, so to speak, been in action.

As a matter of fact the tramps had moved away before the party reached the scene of the quarrel.

Photo ADMIRAL SIR J. R. JELLICOE. Russell, Southsea.

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FIELD-MARSHAL EARL KITCHENER.

THE history of Earl Kitchener, who is sixty-four years old, is written in the sands of the Soudan and on the soil of India and South Africa. Unquestionably a great soldier, he has shown himself an even greater organiser and administrator.

Round him cluster stories and anecdotes innumerable, most of them conspicuously untrue. Here is one contributed to *Blackwood's Magazine* by an officer who knew him in South Africa, which *is* true.

The General was pacing up and down with his hands on his hips and elbows pointing backwards, talking good-naturedly to a colonel who was evidently just off "trek," and with his over-grown gait and ponderous step the great Kitchener did not look half so imposing as his travel-stained companion

The Chief was explaining something to the colonel. They paced up and down together for a few minutes, then stopped, and the conversation was as follows:

Chief—"All right; I will soon find you a staff. Let me see; you have a brigade-major?"

Colonel—"Yes; but he is at Hanover Road!"

Chief—"That's all right; you will collect him in good time. You want a chief for your staff? Here, you (and he beckoned a colonel in palpably just-out-from-England kit, who was standing by), what are you doing here? You will be the chief of the staff to the new cavalry brigade!"

New Colonel—"But, sir——"

Chief—"That's all right. (Reverting to his original attitude.) Now you want transport and supply officers? See that depot over there? (nodding his head towards the De Aar Supply depôt). Go and collect them there—quote me as your authority. There, you are fitted up; you can round up part of your brigade to-night and be off at daybreak to-morrow. Wait; you will want an intelligence officer. (Here he swung round and singled out a bedraggled officer.) What are you doing here?"

Officer—"Trying to rejoin, sir."

Chief—"You'll do. You are intelligence officer to the new cavalry brigade. Here's your brigadier; you will take orders from him. (Turning again to the colonel, and holding out his hand)—There you are; you are fitted out. Mind you move out of Richmond Road to-morrow morning without fail. Good-bye!"

And so a brigade came into being!

This story is an epitome of Kitchener's methods. Look at the results!

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FIELD-MARSHAL SIR JOHN FRENCH.

Sir John Denton Pinkstone French, the greatest English cavalry leader of our time, is sixty-two, and a little man, as so many of the world's finest soldiers have been. The son of a naval officer, he was educated for the Navy, and actually served as a cadet and midshipman for four years. He had always longed to be a soldier, however, and the Army robbed the Senior Service of an extraordinarily brilliant officer.

Major French, as he was then, was one of the Camel Corps which made a desperate dash across the Bayuda desert in connection with the relief expedition to Khartum, where General Gordon was beleaguered. The Camel Corps, after fierce fighting with the Arabs, reached Khartum only to find that Gordon was dead.

It was the South African War which proved French's genius as a cavalry leader. His brilliance and dash won the two opening actions for the British flag at Elandslaagte, and these successes were followed by many others of equal valour. The word "mobile" first sprang into common use as descriptive of French's flying columns.

Even so distinguished a man as Sir John French sometimes goes unrecognised, as is shown by the following little incident which occurred just before his departure from England.

A little company of Boy Scouts were marching along the Embankment, led by a very young gentleman whose air of importance brought a smile to the face of a well-set-up, grey-haired man who was passing by.

"'Alt!" said the leader of the Scouts, who had orders to halt there, anyway. "Who're you laughing at?" he demanded of the grey-haired man, who apologised forthwith.

But the boy was not appeased. "We're doin' our little bit for the country," he said. "'Tain't a great deal, but when did you do yours last, may I arst?"

The grey-haired gentleman gasped. A bystander whispered a few words in the ear of the youthful leader, who flushed scarlet and looked thoroughly shamefaced. Then he set his teeth, called his little company to attention, saluted in their presence, and begged the grey-haired gentleman's pardon.

"There were no Scouts when I was a boy," said the great cavalry leader regretfully, as he shook hands with the lad.

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MAKING the BEST of LIFE

By
Mr. Optimist.

Although optimism and war sound far apart they are really very necessary to one another, and I hope that all pessimists—if there are any left by now—will read these pages and see that even war has a bright side. And if I can help you in any way please write to "Mr. Optimist," care of the ROYAL MAGAZINE, 18 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Well, my dear readers, I expect you are all wondering what Mr. Optimist thinks about the war. If careful thought is required to "make the best of life" in times of peace, how much more is needed to gain the same result in times of great national peril! These lines have to be written some time in advance of publication, and in the meantime much may happen. The result lies on the knees of the gods, and before these lines appear in print, for aught I know, the great issues at stake may have been decided.

But, whatever the outcome, I feel that we Britishers have abundant cause for optimism. The nations of the world have recognised the justice of our cause. They unreservedly support those British ideals of justice and civilisation for which we are ever ready to shed our blood. All the talk, so frequently heard of late years, regarding British decadence and the disunity of the British Empire—where is it to-day? The British race the world over, sinking all domestic strifes, stands firm and solid as a rock. Verily the blood of Drake and Nelson and a score of other heroes courses just as steadily through our veins to-day. Here is cause for optimism indeed! Never throughout the pages of history can you find the fortress of British Honour and British Patriotism more impregnable than it confronts the world to-day.

A NATION OF OPTIMISTS.

Napoleon sneered at us as an unimaginative nation of shopkeepers. But we were also a nation of optimists, and our optimism was backed by a solid, determined strength of purpose which he discovered to his cost. As I walk about the streets of London around my office, there is nothing to indicate that we are at death-grips with a formidable rival—unless, indeed, it be the shouting of the newsboys. Men are going about their daily business and routine of life full of quiet strength and tenacity of purpose. There is no shouting and waving. A careful observer might notice that brows are grave and jaws a trifle square and grim. Keep calm. Keep cool. If you are not one of those privileged to unsheath the sword for your country, you can nevertheless be a patriot. And you can best show your patriotism by going about your daily business and performing your daily duties with all the keenness and ability that God has given you.

The war of blood and iron will be followed by a still greater war—a war for industrial and commercial supremacy. For this latter conflict it is your duty to be quietly and steadily preparing.

THANKS!

I must thank readers very much for all their very interesting letters. Writing these pages is ever so much pleasanter now that we are getting to know one another, and it is gratifying to find that so many are really eager not only to make the best of their own lives but to throw out helping suggestions to other folk. First of all, this month, I think I ought to deal with a letter from "Disheartened" (Bolton), who says that he is 38 years old and a failure, and then adds that

It is delightful to get so many letters.

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it is too late now for him "to make a fresh start and gain any success in this world."

Let me tell you, "Disheartened," that you are absolutely and utterly wrong. You talk about "success in this world." You surely are not hoping to make up for being a failure on earth by becoming a particularly bright and shining star in the hereafter? And you suggest that you are too old at 38. Rubbish! No man is too old at 38, or 48 for that matter, to make a new start and win fame and fortune. What do you imagine that Mr. J. J. Hill, the famous American millionaire railway magnate, was at the age of 40? Nothing more nor less than a humble station-master! But he had grit and determination. He waited and prepared for his opportunity, and when it came he was ready. If space permitted I could tell you of dozens of other famous men who didn't begin to climb the ladder of fortune until well advanced in middle age. Cheer up, "Disheartened." Keep on hammering away and you will win through all right.

MAN AND HIS MEAL.

It is difficult to please everybody, and here is a complaint from Bonnie Scotland. J. McD. (Perth) is concerned about the Food and Drink question. "Excuse me, Mr. Optimist," he asks, "for seeming to criticise you, but what is the use of your filling up a lot of space in the ROYAL every month pretending to help us make the best of things and yet never giving us so much as a hint about what to eat and drink." Really, Mr. McD., I'm afraid you place me in a very awkward position. There are no two people, not even two doctors, who are entirely in agreement as to the ideal method of nourishing and sustaining the human body. What can I suggest? It's no use recommending you to open the day's proceedings with a plate of porridge. I once tasted the keen hunger-producing air that sweeps down from those glorious mountains across the town of Perth, and I will wager that you regularly absorb not one plate but two of the useful cereal.

Man and his meal.

Then, too, as to drink! Whatever I advise I doubt not that J. McD. will still permit himself that occasional "wee drappie" which helps to make the world go round in Scotland (and other places).

The plain fact of the matter is that eating and drinking and spelling are all very much alike when you come to examine them. That is to say, nobody ever gets any credit or reward for doing them right, whereas there's the very mischief to pay if you do them wrong. For example, you would never say: "Oh, I've had a letter from Jones, he's an awfully good speller," or again, "I had lunch with Brown yesterday, he ate with great wisdom and moderation."

Waiting for something to turn up.

My final advice to J. McD, therefore, is eat and drink—and spell—as you like in moderation, but—*don't make mistakes.*

CAN YOU CLIMB?

Suppose your employer came to you tomorrow and said, "Our manager leaves in a few days, and I'm looking for a competent man to fill his job." Would you be capable? You grumble on Saturdays because there are lots of little things you want that you cannot afford. But have you been really busy getting ready for a better job? That's the point. Have you been trusting to luck and vaguely hoping that somehow or other something will turn up? Or have you been carefully and diligently preparing yourself day by day to do something better, and that is more *worth while?*

You have got as much brains as other men who have forged ahead with the aid of perseverance and hard work. Of course you have. Shake yourself and get busy!

THRIFT OVERDONE.

Nora (Waterford) tells me that her husband is so mean that a story has actually got round amongst the neighbours that he sits up all night and barks in order to save the keep of a watch dog.

Saving the expense of a dog.

"How," she moans "can I make the best of life with a man like that?" Well, it certainly does seem rather a hard case. But after all it might be worse. How would Nora like to have a wastrel spendthrift for a husband with never a half-penny laid by for a holiday, an illness, or a new hat?

Mr. Optimist.

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SWEET CHILD.

He was a good little boy and very thoughtful. He had heard about a great scarcity of water throughout the country. He came to his mother and slipped his hand into hers.

"Mamma," he said, "is it true that in some places the little girls and boys have scarcely enough water to drink?"

"That is what the papers say, my dear."

"Mamma," he said presently, "I'd like to give up somethin' for those poor little boys and girls."

His mother gave him a fond look. "Yes, dear. And what would you like to give up?"

"Mamma," he said in his earnest way, "as long as the water is so very scarce I think I ought to give up bein' washed."

* * * * *

DID HE TELL HIM?

FATHER: "Don't ask so many questions, child. Curiosity killed the cat."

LITTLE BOY: "What did the cat want to know, dad?"

* * * * *

A PROBLEM.

A famous American once visited a menagerie at Washington, and pausing before a particularly ugly monkey, exclaimed: "What a resemblance to —— So-and-so." The words were scarcely spoken when he turned and saw standing at his side the very man whom he had complimented.

"I beg your pardon!" said the gallant colonel. "I would not have made the remark had I known you were near me, and I am ready to make the most humble apology. But"—looking first at the man and then at the animal—"hang it if I can tell whether I ought to apologise to you or to the monkey!"

* * * * *

A VERY CLEAR SIGN.

BILLY: "Do you believe in signs?"

MILLY: "Yes, indeed."

BILLY: "Well, last night I dreamt you were madly in love with me. What is that a sign of?"

MILLY: "That's a sign you were dreaming."

NO COOKING LIKE MOTHER'S.

MRS. YOUNGWIFE: "How are the tarts, George?"

YOUNGWIFE: "A trifle heavy, dearest."

MRS. YOUNGWIFE: "And the soup?"

YOUNGWIFE: "Too much seasoning in it."

MRS. YOUNGWIFE: "And the duck?"

YOUNGWIFE: "Done a little too much."

MRS. YOUNGWIFE: "I'm so sorry, dear, that your dinner does not suit you—your mother prepared it."

* * * * *

NO DRESS MONEY REQUIRED.

HEMMANDHAW: "Is there any way to make the women dress decently?"

MRS. HEMMANDHAW: "Certainly there is."

HEMMANDHAW: "Well, what is it?"

MRS. HEMMANDHAW: "Kill off the men."

* * * * *

A RINKING RECOLLECTION.

When Algy skates, each night in town,
No awed, admiring glances crown
His triumph; though, with face that's white,
And lips determinedly set tight,
He does his best to win renown

"You're sure you're safe?" I ask. He'll frown,
Refusing help. "Yes, thank you, quite!"...
I tell you, it's a thrilling sight
When Algy skates.

The band, thank goodness, serves to drown
Such galling gibes as "Clumsy clown!"
I watch his wild, erratic flight . . .
A corner! . . . Seven couples bite
The dust . . They're fairly "taken down,"
When Algy skates!

Leslie Thomas.

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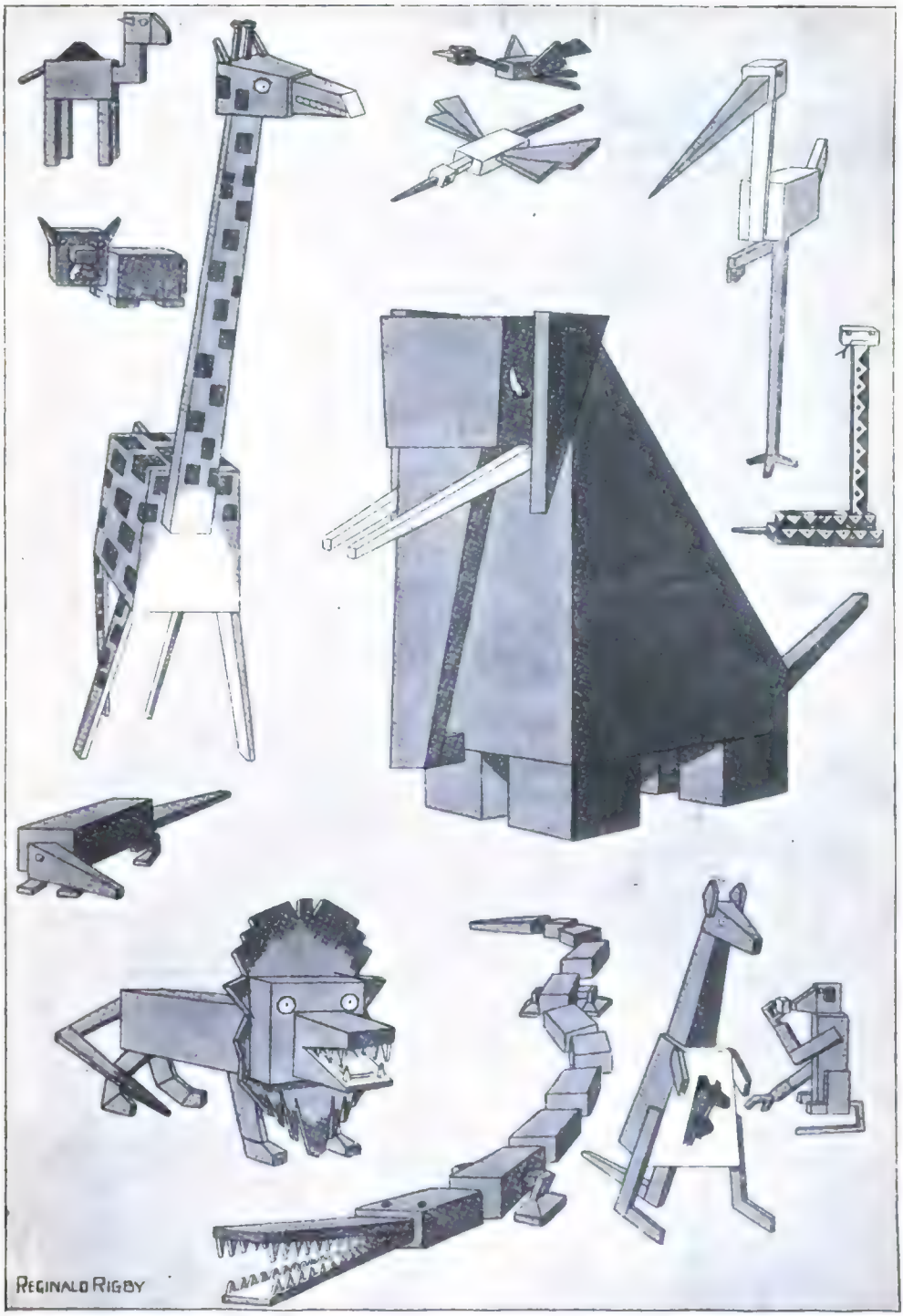

OUR SUPER-CUBIST AT THE ZOO.

(N.B.—We do not guarantee all the animals.)

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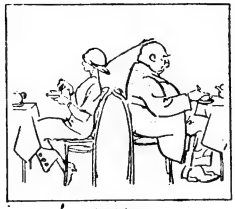


And he—

she said to the little boy, "but first I want to ask the teacher how you behave at school."

"If you really want to do something to please me, auntie," said the boy, "don't ask the teacher."

* * * *

A LESSON LEARNT.

PRISON MISSIONARY: "Don't you think that after you regain your liberty you can do better?"

BURGLAR: "Well, I'll know enough not to have another pal that's so deaf he can't hear a p'liceman till he's right on us."

The missionary decided to study his case before saying anything more, so he moved on to the next cell.

* * * * *

THE REASON THE TIDE CAME IN.

It was Angus's first time at the seaside, and he knew nothing of tides. After a long walk in the hot sun he lay down on the sands and soon fell fast asleep. The tide was coming in, and nearer and nearer it drew to the unsuspecting prey. At last a large wave broke over Angus's feet. With a shout of alarm Angus jumped up, and noticing a very fat bather in front of him disporting himself in the surf, he shouted at him:

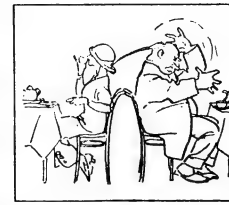
"Hi, man, hi! What the blazes are ye jumpin' up and down for—d'ye want to drown me?"

"Yer might be a dook, the way yer puts on 'airs."

KINDER NOT TO INQUIRE.

Arthur was passing a day with his aunt.

"I am going to do something to please you on your birthday,"



—thought—

FATHER WISHED HE HAD NOT SPOKEN.

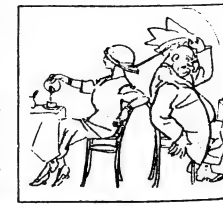
George had just returned from college, resplendent in loud-checked trousers, silk hosiery, a fancy waistcoat, a necktie that spoke for itself. He entered the library, where his father was reading. The gentleman looked up and surveyed his son. The longer he looked the more disgusted he became.

"Son," he finally blurted out, "you look like a silly fool!"

Later, an old friend who lived next door came in, and greeted George heartily.

"George," he said with undisguised admiration, "you look exactly as your father did twenty-five years ago, when he came back from college."

"Yes," said George with a smile. "So father was just telling me."



—the flies—

RELIABLE EVIDENCE.

Sandy, strolling up the banks of the river, came upon an English visitor fishing in the stream.

"Man," said Sandy, "ye winna catch ony fish there. You'll hae tae gang a bit further up till ye come tae a guid spot."

"Ah," said the visitor, "but how will I know when I come to a good spot?"

"Hoots, man," said Sandy, "you can easy tell a guid spot by the number o' empty bottles lying aboot."

* * * * *

WOULD-BE CONTRIBUTORS, PLEASE NOTE.

I *was* surprised! For in the verse I sent him
Was every grace that any verse could hold.
I thought the metre would alone content *him*,
Putting aside the touching tale it told.
Love was the theme, and surely none will quarrel
With such an all-engrossing theme as that,
While, at the end, was drawn a pretty moral
That came in jolly pat.

I spoke of orbs that glistened like the planet
That shines so brightly in our evening sky;
Of hair like mermaid's when the sea-winds fan it.
And cheeks with colour like the peach's dye.
I introduced a youth to whom Adonis
Was nothing short of puny, poor, and plain;
I made him say things, each of which alone *is*
A beautiful refrain.

Yet spite of this original endeavour,
Couched in the very style we always see
In all the magazines, and voted clever,
The blessed thing is posted back to me!
Ah, what's this note? The writing's far from steady,
Scratched in a rage. No doubt 'twill give a cue:
"Returned with thanks, but we are always ready
TO LOOK AT SOMETHING NEW."
John Lea.

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A TAKE-DOWN FOR THE GOVERNOR.

THE HEAD: "As a shipping clerk you're the last degree of incompetence. Get your pay and get out."

THE SHIPPING CLERK: "All right, I'll go if you say so, but you needn't feel so smart about it. I've been fired by lots of better firms than this."

* * * * *

MY MOTOR.

I have a little motor-car
Which fills me with delight.
It isn't like a horse, you know,
It cannot kick or bite.)

On sunny days I oil it well
And drive it round the town,
And when we try to climb a hill,
My motor-car breaks down.

But when once more upon its way
It condescends to jog,
We scamper on, with haughty mien,
Unheeding shouts of "HOG!"

Of course, it sometimes runs away,
And once it killed a cow.
I never let it out unless
A leash it's wearing now.

I don't know how I did without
This chunk of sheer delight.
And should it burst, the brightest day
Would seem like blackest night.

F. M. Dean.

* * * * *

NO DOUBT ABOUT IT.

SMART: "Say, what would you think if, every time you put your hands in your pocket, you were to find a five-pound note?"

HARDUPP: "Think! I wouldn't think—I'd know I had somebody else's clothes on."

—were—

HIGH WATER MARK.

"So your husband's hair all came out after his illness," sympathetically remarked Mrs. Grubb. "Now, I suppose, the flies and the cold weather will keep him bothered between them."

"No, it ain't so much them things," replied Mrs. Scrubb, "it's having to keep his hat on when he washes his face, else he couldn't tell where to stop."

—all—

* * * * *

NOT QUITE THE NOISE HE MEANT.

FATHER: "I'll tell you a young fellow I wish you would grow to like—young Wigley—he'll make a noise in the world just when you least look for it."

DAUGHTER: "You've got him sized up all right, dad; I heard him eating soup in a restaurant the other day."

HE: "Yer se., I canna be a-marrying till my sister's wed."
SHE: "Then I'll no be a-waiting for yer, laddie."

WAS THAT WHAT HE MEANT?

ENTHUSIASTIC PROFESSOR OF PHYSICS (discussing the organic and inorganic kingdoms): "Now, if I should shut my eyes—so—and drop my head—so—and should not move, you would say I was a clod. But I move, I leap, I run; then what do you call me?"

VOICE FROM THE REAR: "A clod-hopper!"

* * * * *

THE ONLY WAY.

ACTOR: "And the audience, my boy, were glued to their seats."

RIVAL: "Ah, that was a neat way of keeping them there."

* * * *

HARD LUCK!

Two Irishmen met at an inn and called for dinner. There was a dish of horse-radish grated. Pat, thinking it was something to be eaten with a spoon, put a large spoonful into his mouth. Tears immediately filled his eyes and rolled down his cheeks.

His companion saw it, and asked, "Pat, what is the matter?"

"I was just thinking of my poor father that was hanged in Ireland," answered Pat.

But Jemmy soon filled his mouth with the same, and as the tears gushed from his eyes also, Pat says, "What's the matter? What has happened to ye?"

"Ah!" says Jemmy, "I was just thinking what a pity it was that you were not hanged when your father was!"

—dead.

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A HINT THAT CAME TOO LATE.

The new minister was told that his predecessor always put a shilling or two in the plate, "to gie them a guid start."

So next Sunday the newcomer placed a shining half-crown in the plate.

But the collection proved to be meaner than ever, and, worse still, his half-crown was gone.

Sorrowfully he confided his loss to the elder.

"Aye, mon," cried that worthy, "ye've no knowledge of the world! Ye should ha' glued the money to the plate, as the auld meenister did!"

* * * * *

THE COST OF BEING UP TO DATE.

SUITOR: "I thought your daughter received me rather stiffly."

FATHER: "Ah! Then she did go to that dancing lesson yesterday."

* * * * *

THE WORM TURNED.

A boy, who had been well worked and badly paid for two years, succeeded in getting a better job. On his last day with the firm he was sent out with a load of valuable china. He returned in an hour or so, and the china, instead of having been delivered, lay in the bottom of the hand-cart, smashed to smithereens.

"What does this mean?" roared the proprietor.

The boy, as he stepped out of the shafts, answered calmly: "It means, boss, that you've worked me like a horse and treated me like a horse for two years now. So this morning I shied at a steam-roller, ran away, and had a smash up."

So saying, the boy turned and set off, blithely whistling, for his new and better job.

"Stay where you are—I'm coming!"

DIFFICULT TO JOIN AGAIN.

She was a sweet little thing, with the most wasp of waspish waists, and passers-by had nothing but admiration in their eyes for her. But what was that? She had fainted. Tenderly they carried her into a chemist's shop. An Irishman, who had observed the occurrence, looked in after a few minutes, and inquired:

"How is she now?"

"Oh," was the reply, "she's coming to."

"Ah," murmured the son of Erin, "come in two, has she? Poor thing! Bedad, it's just what I was afraid of."

* * * * *

AN UNNECESSARY QUESTION.

KIND-HEARTED OLD LADY: "Poor man! And are you married?"

BEGGAR: "Bless your heart, kind lady; do you think I'd be relying on total strangers for support if I had a wife?"

* * * *

NOT SO CLEAR AS THAT.

Smithkins was reciting to a little circle of his club friends the thrilling story of a shipwreck in which he had all but lost his life. It was a long story, for it was filled with many tales of heroism—chiefly Smithkins'. Smithkins had just come to the passage describing the moment of his own peril. "Utterly exhausted," he went on, "by my strenuous efforts to save as many of the others as I could, I had no strength left to keep myself afloat. Weakly I sank a first time, then a second. As I was going down for what I believed to be the last time, the panorama of my whole life was unrolled before me. Every deed, every detail, every moment in my life was unveiled in a series of pictures——"

Jones, sitting quietly in the corner dozing, suddenly woke up. "Smithkins," he interrupted, "did you happen to notice a picture of me lending you half-a-sovereign in the spring of 1907?"

* * *

A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING.

"You understand your duties thoroughly, *don't* you?" she said to the new footman.

"Yes, ma'am, certainly, ma'am."

"And you know your way to announce?"

"Well, ma'am, I shouldn't, perhaps, like to go quite so far as that, but I think I know my weight to a pound or so."

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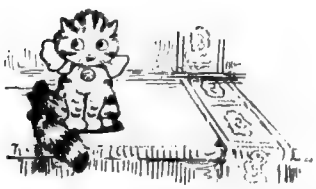
The LANDLADY'S CAT.

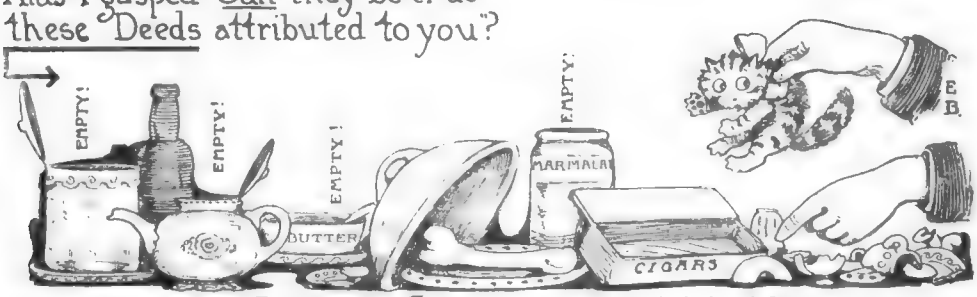
They told me that he stole the ham,
And ate the bacon, and the jam,
And helped himself to beef, and fish,
And took the cheese, and broke the dish,
And I imagined him like
THAT
My Landlady's dishonest Cat!

He drank the Tea ... and other things.
Roast chicken he deprived of wings,
Of Cakes he took a liberal share,
His visits left my cupboard bare.
I said "Thats where this Thief will be
If ever he is caught by me!"



And then ... one day upon the stair
I saw a wisp of tabby hair—
A foolish round-eyed bit of fur—
I touched it ... it began to purr—
I asked Selina "What is that?"
"Why Sir ... its the Landlady's Cat!"

Alas I gasped "Can they be true
these "Deeds attributed to you?



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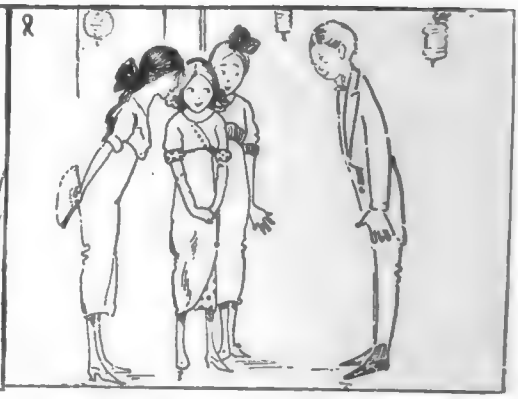
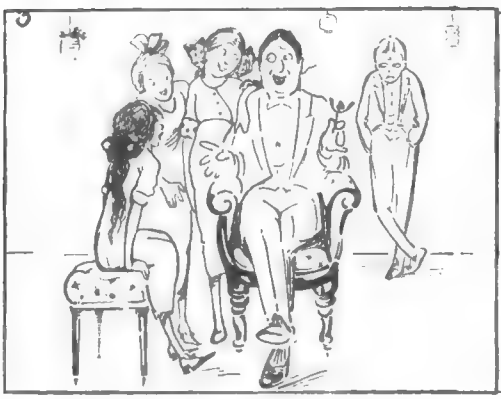
ALGY PULLS THE STRING.

1. *Here's Algy, the knut, who wished to shine*
When asked by a relativ: out to dine.

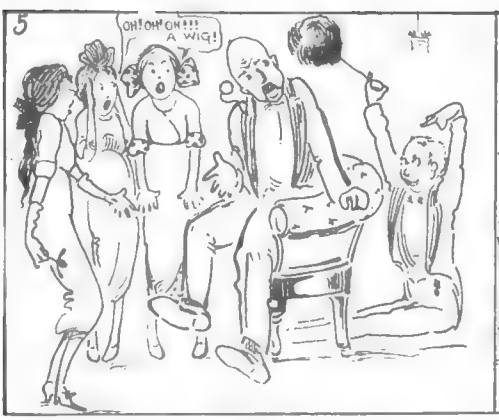


2. *The dinner was good, the girls were spry,*
So daintily dressed, and not too shy.

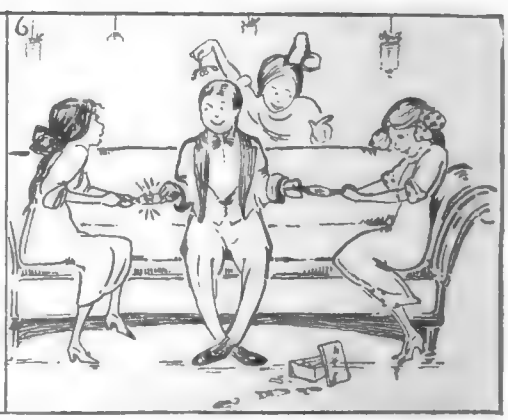


3. *But, sad to relate, he was quite outshone,*
For an elderly humorist took the bun.

4. *"Revenge is sweet," and who shall blame?*
He saw his chance and worked the same.



5. *A wee bit of string, a loose top-knot,*
Thus turned the tables like a shot.



6. *So follow his lead and rise to fame,*
For pulling the string's a paying game.

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IN TOKEN OF GRATITUDE.

A Racing Story.

By F. A. Symons.

I.

Dr. Philip Merryweather, seated in his consulting room, was lugubriously studying his ledger. He had not seen a patient for three days. Harley Street in the making brings many a man to near breaking-point.

Presently, opening a mahogany box, he took out a microscope and arranged the lenses. Where microscope work was concerned he was an enthusiast.

Suddenly the electric door-bell rang. Sitting bolt upright in his chair, his eyes filled with hope, he listened intently.

A moment later footsteps were heard in the hall. Then a trim maid opened the door and two ladies entered.

"Mrs. and Miss Anstruther!" announced the maid.

The elder of the two, tall and dignified, was fashionably dressed in black. She was evidently a widow. The younger, little more than a girl, wore a simple tailor-made coat and skirt and a picture-hat. It was obvious at a glance that they were mother and daughter. To a clever student of psychology like Merryweather, it was equally plain that, intellectually, there was very little sympathy between them.

"Dr. Philip Merryweather, I presume?" said the elder.

"Yes, madam," he answered, bowing. "Won't you sit down?"

"I have called to consult you concerning my daughter," explained Mrs. Anstruther, without preamble. "She is troubled with an ear affection which, although she makes light of it, causes her considerable inconvenience."

The girl, raising round brown eyes to meet the doctor's glance, perceptibly shrugged her shoulders and smiled with an air of tolerance.

"A stinging in my ear—that's practically all," she said quietly.

To Merryweather, the situation, apart from the consequent fee, promised little interest. A strong-willed, anxious mother, a charming, long-suffering daughter, and a trifling affection of the ear appeared to embrace the whole story.

"If I may examine you, Miss Anstruther," he said, abstracting an instrument from a cabinet, "I have no doubt we will soon get to the bottom of the mischief."

With a nonchalant laugh the girl removed her hat and seated herself in the chair indicated, whilst her mother watched the doctor's methods critically.

The examination, as Merryweather had expected, was soon completed. Holding a tiny particle of some unknown substance which he had extracted from his patient's ear, the doctor frowned in perplexity. The next moment he turned to his microscope.

For some minutes nothing but the subdued conversation of the visitors relieved the silence. The doctor, his head bent over his microscope, said nothing. At last, however, he suddenly grunted, turned round, faced Miss Anstruther and smiled whimsically.

"Have you, by any chance, taken part in a wedding lately?" he asked.

"No," answered Mrs. Anstruther for her daughter. "You haven't, have you, Mary?"

In an instant the girl's face had paled to ashen whiteness, and with frightened eyes she shot an appealing glance at Dr. Merryweather.

"No," she stammered. "Of course not."

That the answer was untrue was palpable to Merryweather. The mother, however, was evidently stating what she believed to be true. Why the girl should wish to conceal such a fact from her mother was another matter, which did not concern him. His curiosity was aroused, nevertheless. A secret, unknown to the mother, lay between the girl

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and him. That he would keep that secret inviolable was a foregone conclusion.

"But why do you ask?" inquired Mrs. Anstruther in surprise. "What can possibly be the connection between an ear-ache and a wedding?"

"Oh—er—a little theory of my own, that's all," he replied, smiling blandly. "Your daughter's ear will give her little more trouble, I am sure. I will give you a lotion for it, and you can set your mind quite at rest."

Three minutes later, the doctor, having shaken hands with his visitors, pocketed his fee, closed the door of his room, and returned to his desk.

"Humph!" he muttered, lighting a cigarette. "Now, I wonder what all this is about. Nothing to do with me, of course. Still, one is but human. That pretty little girl has recently been secretly married. Had she merely been to somebody else's wedding, she would probably have had no cause for denial. She was painfully frightened, too."

Still ruminating upon the domestic mystery into which he had unintentionally thrust himself, the doctor sat down to his solitary lunch. He was not destined, however, to eat his meal in peace, for he had hardly started when the telephone bell rang.

"Yes, I'm Dr. Merryweather," he answered with his ear to the receiver; "whom am I speaking to?"

"Miss Anstruther," came the reply across the wire. "If I call in a few minutes can I see you alone?"

"Certainly," said the doctor.

Replacing the receiver, he smiled enigmatically, returned to the dining-room, and resumed his lunch.

In a quarter of an hour a taxi-cab drew up at his door, and Miss Anstruther, ordering the driver to wait, alighted from it. She was still unusually pale, and her nervousness as she rang the door bell was apparent in every gesture.

Merryweather, meeting the girl at the door, did not fail to notice her perturbed manner and anxious expression. That she had come to see him relative to the secret he had discovered seemed more than probable.

"I hope your ear has not been giving you more bother?" he inquired tentatively.

"Oh no, thank you," she cried. "I have come to see you about something quite different, something much more serious."

"Ah! I am quite at your disposal," he replied, offering her a chair.

Seating herself opposite to him, she raised steady eyes to his, and seemed for a moment to be assessing his character.

"Can you keep a secret, Dr. Merryweather?" she said at last.

"The nature of my profession is such that keeping secrets has become a habit with me, Miss Anstruther," he answered with a grave smile.

"Then you will keep mine from mother—from everyone?" she exclaimed impulsively. "Will you promise?"

"Yes, I'll promise," he replied quietly. "I'm not quite sure though what the secret is. I conclude that you have been secretly married."

"Yes," she murmured, looking furtively about her. "I could see at a glance that you knew. But how you knew I cannot imagine. Is there—er—any way in which other people can tell, too?"

"Oh, dear no," he laughed. "Your secret is perfectly safe from the outside world, I assure you. It was really a shrewd guess on my part about the wedding. Your face alone told me the rest." With a deprecating laugh, characteristic of him, he picked up a glass slide.

"This is responsible for my conclusion. I discovered a foreign body in your ear, examined it under the microscope, and found it to consist of pure starch granules. Starch in a lady's ear cannot come from many things. 'I wonder if it is a grain of rice?' I asked myself. Hence my question relating to a wedding! And when I saw that you were distressed by my question, that you wore no ring, and that your mother was ignorant of any wedding, I jumped to the conclusion. I might, of course, have been hopelessly wrong."

"Oh, was that all?" she gasped in amazement. "I thought there must be some extraordinary medical reason. I am so relieved. My husband is an invalid."

With nervous fingers interlaced in her lap, she sighed profoundly.

"I was married three weeks ago, but for my mother to know until I am three-and-twenty would be madness."

"Surely that will be a very long time?" ventured Merryweather.

"Just two years," she answered, her eyes flashing bravely. "The secret must be kept, for mother would never consent."

"I see," murmured Merryweather. "Well, your mother shall never know through me, and I hope things will all come right for you in time."

"Thank you so much," she exclaimed,

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rising to her feet. "You have relieved me immensely." Holding out her hand, her eyes shone with gratitude. "Good-bye, Dr. Merryweather."

The next moment she had gone.

II.

The even tenor of Dr. Merryweather's life, in the immediate future, gave no promise of change. Over and over again during those days of spring he would lean back in his chair, survey the luxury of his consulting-room, and wonder, with a mirthless laugh, how long he could still last in Harley Street.

One morning towards the latter part of March, as he sat at breakfast, his maid handed him a telegram. He opened it listlessly. Hope that good might come to him through telegrams, or anything else, was rapidly departing.

"What's all this?" he muttered, reading the words on the buff paper with lack-lustre eyes:

"*Back—Sir—Galahad—for—Newbury—to-day.*"

The message bore no signature. Examining the paper with careful curiosity, he saw that the wire had been handed in at Newbury that morning. Who the sender could be was a mystery quite beyond his comprehension; even to hazard a guess as to the identity of the tipster was an impossibility. He had not backed a horse since his irresponsible medical-student days, and he was certainly not in touch with anyone who gave racing tips, nor had he any acquaintance at Newbury.

Picking up a morning paper, he scrutinised the racing news with avidity. A horse called *Sir Galahad* was apparently booked to run in a race at Newbury at 3.30, but was by no means a favourite.

"Meant as a kindness, no doubt, good sir, whoever you may be," he laughed aloud. "But I'm afraid I am not taking any."

Having a couple of visits to make that afternoon, he had other things to think of besides Newbury races. A newspaper boy, however, shouting forth the advantages to be gained by the purchase of the *Orb* caught his attention as he wended his way homewards. He bought a paper, and, with a laugh at his own heightened pulse rate, turned at once to the racing news.

Sir Galahad had won at odds of seven to one against.

"Humph!" he grunted. "That tipster was certainly a friend, but who the fellow can be beats me entirely."

It was exactly a week later that he received his second wire. This one apparently emanated from Liverpool. It was equally terse and to the point. He digested the wording of it at a glance.

"Ah! *Golconda* is the name of the horse this time, hey?" he murmured. "*Back Golconda in the Grand National for a place.* Evidently a cautious man! To get over the whole course at all in the National is a feat in itself. Nevertheless, my adviser evidently believes in the capability of one horse at least doing it. That he doesn't advise me to back it to win shows admirable caution, and to my mind a marked degree of reliability."

Suddenly a thought struck him. Searching the racing columns of his paper, he found what he wanted. The idea that had occurred to him was correct. *Sir Galahad* and *Golconda* were trained by one and the same man. The telegrams would seem, therefore, to have emanated from somebody in the confidence of the trainer.

"H'm! The race is due to be run in two days, and the odds stand at twenty to one. For a place I may get, I imagine, sevens. Humph!"

Lighting a cigarette, he inhaled a deep draught of smoke, and, walking up and down the room, jingled some loose coins in his trousers' pocket.

"By Jove, I'll do it? I simply cannot afford not to. Ten pounds to seventy. If I lose I shall only be ten pounds nearer the end of my tether, and if I win I can live on the proceeds for a month or more."

An hour later Dr. Merryweather, smiling like a schoolboy bent upon some escapade, entered the premises of a certain well-known bookmaker in Piccadilly, and with some difficulty obtained the odds he demanded.

As he left the place, smoking a cigar, he had not felt so joyously irresponsible, so filled with the *verve* of hope, for months.

That the good things of this life seldom come singly is a proverb. On the morning of the day of the Grand National Dr. Merryweather had three new patients. Taking their appearance as an omen of a change of fortune, it was with a light heart that he sallied forth in the afternoon to purchase an evening paper.

His optimism was again in the ascendant. The result of the race seemed to him a foregone conclusion. Finding a paper-boy at the corner of Oxford Street he was quickly acquainted with the day's racing results.

His tipster was again right. *Golconda*,

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after a record jump at the last fence, had finished third.

Swinging his stick jauntily, Merryweather continued to walk on towards the park. He was speculating more than ever as to the identity of his racing friend. Should another tip be sent him, he felt that he would be able to take advantage of it with a light heart. With £70 profit in hand he could afford to take risks.

Next morning he studied the details of the race with unusual interest. Peters, the jockey of *Golconda*, had evidently ridden a brilliant race. The paper had noted that the same jockey had ridden *Sir Galahad* to victory at Newbury Park. What his previous history was it failed, through admitted want of knowledge, to state His adviser was obviously following the jockey. What, if any, would be the next move?

For some time, indeed, it looked as if there was to be no next move.

Then that third and last telegram, upon which so much was destined to hang, awaited him one evening as he returned to dinner. His heart beat ridiculously as he opened the buff envelope. It was not the hope of gain which was now stimulating him, but the elusive nature of the affair. That somebody, like a guardian angel, should be hovering about him, without his having any idea who it was, was uncanny.

"*Aldershot Spring Meeting*," he read. "*A small affair, but you would be wise to back Cigarette for the race. Hope you made something over Golconda.*"

Merryweather chuckled softly, ordered himself a sherry and bitters, and, deep in thought, proceeded to change for dinner.

"By George, I will," he declared to his vision in the glass. "I'll have a day off, cadge lunch from Bill at his regimental tent, and take a look at *Cigarette*—not to mention her jockey."

Merryweather's brother William, a captain in the West Grasshires, had frequently begged his elder brother, in vain, to pay him a visit at Aldershot. He was decidedly surprised and delighted, therefore, to receive a note from Harley Street to say that he might expect Philip down for the races on the day following the receipt of his letter.

III.

From early morning until noon the road from the railway station to the racecourse at Aldershot was thronged by turfites of every class.

Dr. Merryweather, in holiday attire, his field-glasses slung across his shoulder, was met at the station by his brother. It was a glorious day in spring, and the sun shone from an unclouded sky.

"Well! Bill," said the doctor, removing an excellent Havana from his lips, "you're looking very fit. Splendid morning, isn't it?"

"Yes, ripping," answered the soldier. "I'm jolly glad you made up your mind at last to come down. I didn't know you were a racing man, though."

The doctor, entering the taxi waiting to take them to the course, laughed gaily.

"I didn't know it myself until lately," he said. "By the way, do you know anything of a mare called *Cigarette* running to-day?"

Captain Merryweather, extracting a racing card from his pocket, screwed a monocle into his eye and ran his finger down the page.

"Ah, yes, here we are—*Cigarette*, owned by Sir James Gordon. By Jove, that's the fellow, of course, who ran a horse in the Grand National."

"Humph! What is the name of the jockey on the local card?"

"Peters."

"Ah! Good!" chuckled Philip. "Then take my advice, young Bill, and put your shirt on *Cigarette* as soon as you can get it on."

Captain Merryweather dropped his eyeglass and glared at his brother in surprise. That Philip, the rising surgeon in Harley Street, should be offering advice on horse-racing left him dumfounded.

"And what about yourself?" he inquired.

"Oh, I put a modest fifty on her in London before I left," answered the doctor calmly.

"A modest fifty!" ejaculated William. "Gee whiz! Come to lunch, and tell me what you know."

Captain Merryweather and his guest had soon taken their seats at the long table in the luncheon tent. The popping of champagne corks, the gay chatter around them; and the strains of the regimental band playing a selection from a light opera ouside the great tent caused their conversation to be almost as private as if they had been alone.

"Well, old cock, who's the tipster—a grateful patient?" whispered William, helping his brother to champagne.

"I have no idea whatever," replied the doctor. "All I can tell you is that I have received three mysterious telegrams advising me to back certain horses at fairly long odds. In two instances the horses have won. This

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is the third. The jockey in each case has been Peters."

"But surely you must be able to guess who sends them?" questioned William.

"Can't make a single suggestion," laughed the doctor. "So I have come down to see Peters ride."

"A steeplechase is always tricky, even for the best riders," murmured Captain Merryweather thoughtfully. "Still, I shall have a fiver on your horse, I think"

Glancing at his watch, he suddenly dropped his knife and fork.

"By Jupiter, I shall have to hurry. It is the second race, and the horses must be already going out."

"Then I shan't see my jockey on his mount before the race," growled the doctor, with disappointment.

"With your glasses you can get a fairly good view from the hillock just behind here," replied William. "You can stay whilst I go off and catch a bookie."

The surmise that the horses would be on the move already towards the starting point was correct. Philip Merryweather, his glasses to his eyes, could see them below him quite distinctly. *Cigarette*, a chestnut, apparently needed a bit of managing. His jockey, however, showed no sign of being troubled. In his jacket of gold and crimson hoops, and crimson cap, he sat his mount as if he had been glued to her.

William had hardly returned and found his brother before the horses had lined up at the starting post. The race was a steeplechase with six obstacles, the fifth being a water jump.

"Just got it in time!" gasped William, out of breath. "The odds are lessening rapidly. I only got fours. What did you get?"

"Four hundred to my fifty," answered the doctor.

"Lucky beggar!" grunted William, raising his glasses.

"They're off!" suddenly cried Philip "Eight of them. A jolly good start, too!"

A murmer of excitement rose on all sides. The occupants of the luncheon tents, running to points of vantage, levelled glasses and shouted comments as the horses took the first jump.

"One down!" said William, as a riderless horse rolled on its back. "*Cigarette* is running third."

"And with plenty in hand I should say," added the doctor.

The second jump was negotiated with ease, but at the third still another horse lost his rider.

"Half the course was completed, and *Cigarette* still a good length from second place," grumbled William.

"But still plenty in hand, if I do not mistake," stated the doctor confidently. "Her little jockey hasn't touched her with the whip once, and doesn't look as if he intended to."

Up the slight rise of ground lying between the third and fourth fences *Cigarette* pulled up distance inch by inch, until at the fourth fence she was plainly running neck and neck for second place. A shout, rapidly increasing in volume, cleft the air as the two horses, abreast, rose gallantly to the stiff jump of furze and rails; but the next moment there was a cry of dismay.

"Heavens!" groaned Dr. Merryweather. "*Cigarette* has turned a somersault."

In an instant a crowd of running men was covering the ground near the accident. The onlookers gasped with relief as the remaining three horses were seen to clear the fallen jockey by what appeared a miracle. For a moment, as he lay quite still, it was thought that he must be badly injured. *Cigarette*, scrambling to her feet, stood quietly at the side of the course.

The horses, however, had no sooner passed over his head than Peters sprang to his feet, and stared wildly about him. A moment, and he was seen to seize his mount's bridle; then, with a dexterous spring, he was again in the saddle.

"Well done!" shouted Captain Merryweather hoarsely. "There are still two more jumps."

"Yes, there's still a chance," murmured the doctor, his eyes glued to his glasses. "Ah, there goes the whip!—only once though."

Cigarette seemed to see the call of necessity without any urging. With every stride the gallant mare now gained ground. She was evidently none the worse for her tumble, and there was not more than a furlong between her and the last horse.

Another half minute of breathless suspense, and then came the water jump. This —the *pièce de résistance* of the race—would weed out the tired ones for a certainty.

The leader pecked hopelessly, and threw his rider clean across the fence into the water. The second and third, jostling each other at the take-off, landed short, and scrambled laboriously out of the water,

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losing ground badly. The fourth and fifth cleared the jump neatly. Then came *Cigarette*, now about three lengths behind.

"Over like a bird!" yelled Captain Merryweather exultingly. "There's heaps of time yet!"

"And the next jump is an easy one," said the doctor quietly. "*Cigarette* will win yet. I would put my last shilling on her jockey."

Doctor Merryweather's prophecy was soon proved to have become the popular belief. A perfect roar of excitement arose as at the last jump *Cigarette* lay level with the leading horse.

The jump was an easy one, and then came a couple of hundred yards of straight run to the winning post. Glasses were needed by those on the hill no longer. The winning post stood just below the line of regimental tents.

Captain Merryweather, seizing his brother's arm, rushed him down towards the course. *Cigarette*, with an easy stride, was leading by a neck. The rider of the second horse was plying his whip cruelly, but his mount was done.

"Thank you, Mr. Peters, whoever you are," said Doctor Merryweather to himself. "You have won me four hundred pounds by as plucky a race as I ever wish to see."

Following the crowd to the paddock, the doctor, his professional instincts to the fore, suddenly sprang forward. The wearer of the crimson and gold hoops, upon whose figure his eyes had been fixed for some moments, had given a wild swerve in the saddle, then fallen forward on the horse's neck.

Before the doctor was able to force his way through the crowd, however, the owner, who had been leading the horse in, had already caught the jockey, and was supporting the limp figure in his arms.

"Can I be of any use?" cried Merryweather, pushing his way to the front. "I am a doctor."

At that moment the jockey's eyes opened languidly.

"No—thank you. It was only a slight faintness. I—er—hurt my shoulder when I fell."

Doctor Merryweather gazed in spellbound astonishment. The pale face beneath the crimson cap was the very counterpart of his patient, Miss Anstruther, the young bride with the large brown eyes!

With a look of alarm in his face, the trainer, hustling through the crowd, slipped his arm through that of the jockey, and, whispering earnestly, hurried his charge to the weighing-room.

"The mystery solved at last!" muttered the doctor, falling back. "The sender of my tips was obviously Miss Anstruther, and her brother is a jockey. If the girl intended to thank me for keeping the secret of her marriage, she has certainly done so. What a good sort she must be!"

"Come along," interrupted Captain Merryweather, having at last rejoined his brother, "let us have a little fizz to celebrate our win. I hope that unknown tipster of yours will continue his methods."

"I wonder," murmured the doctor reflectively. "By the look of that boy I am afraid he has hurt himself more than he thinks. I hope I shall see his sister again, to thank her."

IV.

Doctor Merryweather arrived back in Harley Street in time for dinner. Thinking over the events of the past few weeks, he had become more interested than ever in the personality of the girl whose secret he shared.

Still ruminating, he dined, lit a cigar, and settled himself for the evening in his consulting-room.

Ten minutes later, the door-bell rang, and, without any warning, the maid opened the consulting-room door.

"Mrs. Lawrence!" she announced.

"Miss Anstruther!" cried the doctor, throwing away his cigar. "What good fortune brings you here?"

"My real name—between you and me—is Mrs. Lawrence," she answered, with a smile. "I have come to consult you professionally, please. I have hurt my shoulder."

Throwing aside her cloak, she pointed to her arm supported in a sling.

"How extraordinary!" he murmured, untying the sling as in a dream.

Loosening her dress, the girl exposed her bare shoulder to view, which, at a glance, the doctor could see was badly bruised. Begging the patient to be seated, Merryweather began, with skilful fingers, to examine the injury systematically. Except to ask a professional question or two it was curious that the doctor said no word, and his face was inscrutable.

His examination finished, he left the room, returning quickly with a glass of sherry.

"Please drink this," he said. "You need it."

("IN TOKEN OF GRATITUDE" continued overleaf.)

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Waiting until she had emptied the glass, he watched the colour return to her cheeks with a whimsical smile upon his lips.

"You see," he continued calmly, "when you fell on your shoulder at that fourth jump to-day you fractured a piece of your shoulder-blade. It was remarkably plucky of you to regain your saddle and finish the race."

In an instant the girl's face had flushed scarlet.

"You were there? You recognised me?" she stammered.

"Please don't be ashamed," he replied. "I owe you much. I followed your fortunes twice, and won four hundred and seventy pounds. Yes, I was there, but I did not recognise you then. I thought the jockey must be your brother. I did not know the truth until this moment. I am simply filled with admiration for your pluck."

"Well, you see, I had to do my best," she answered, her forehead wrinkling in thought. "How extraordinary the whole thing must seem to you, Doctor Merryweather."

She sighed wearily.

"And now you may just as well hear the whole story. I trust you implicitly. It is a very simple story after all."

"Don't tell me if you would rather not," he intervened quickly.

"I think I would rather like to," she said. "Confession relieves the soul."

Sinking back in her chair, she pressed her hand to her shoulder.

"Dick was in a cavalry regiment. They would not let us marry because, when I am twenty-three, I shall have a lot of money, and poor Dick has none. So we were married secretly."

She laughed softly.

"Dick's sister was at our wedding, and threw rice over us. You remember the result?"

"Yes, it gave me an opportunity of posing as a wonderful diagnostician," laughed the doctor.

"Dick decided to leave his regiment at once," she continued. "He wanted to earn his living, as he said he would not live on my money when it came. Under a false name, he began to ride in races as a professional jockey. He is a splendid rider, and was doing well for Sir James Gordon's stable. Then one day he was thrown, and has been on his back ever since with a badly broken leg.

"He fretted so much at not being able to keep his engagements and earn his keep that, unknown to him, I determined to fulfil his engagements for him. My father was a great horseman when he was alive. He taught me to ride almost from my cradle, and I love it. Sir James's trainer was once my father's head groom. I went to him secretly, and he told Sir James that he had a temporary jockey whose hands and seat were, as he kindly expressed it, 'a perfect marvel.'"

She blushed deliciously.

"You can guess the rest, Doctor Merryweather. You can guess why I did not wish to be examined by a doctor when I fainted. I have earned my husband a comparatively large amount of money during the last few weeks, and when he is better I will confess to him how it was done."

The doctor's sympathetic grey eyes spoke open admiration.

"And as absolution follows confession, I can easily anticipate the joy that will be yours," answered he, helping her on with her cloak. "I think you have been my mascot as well as your husband's. *Au revoir.*"

THE PARTING.

So long ago it is since he was near me,
But oh! I love him still.
His are the tender ways to charm and cheer me
When things go ill.
And in my memory I cherish yet
That soft, clear summer eve when first we met,
So long ago.

So long ago! I sigh for his caresses.
Would that he might return.
He cannot dream how dreadful my distress is,
Know how I yearn.
My Mary, give him back—my heart is sad—
Please let me nurse the puppy; you have had
So long a go.

T.

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MR. EDITOR —HIS PAGE.

Take 'old on the Wings of the Morning
And flop round the earth till you're dead,
But you won't get away
From the tune that they play
To the bloomin' old Rag over'ead!"

PROBABLY foreign opinion would set down as flippant this reference by the national poet to the fact that the National Anthem salutes the National Flag the world over. It is nothing of the kind. It expresses exactly what we feel at the moment, and it takes in the whole Empire, whose utmost inhabitants are rolling up eagerly to do their bit in the present emergency. Now is a royal opportunity to show the stuff we are made of, and the ROYAL, which is read by thousands in the Dominions beyond the seas, wishes everyone who grasps this opportunity good luck in the congenial task. On the cover are our motto, our Flag, and the portrait of our King. This cover interprets the ROYAL'S attitude towards the crisis, and, I am sure, the attitude of every reader.

No doubt all of you, in your particular districts, are doing something to-day for the country under whose protection you live. But, in addition to this, let me urge you not to pass by the appeal made on page 495 for the Prince of Wales' Fund. Please send something, no matter how small. It would increase the Fund tremendously if every ROYAL reader gave only a shilling, and I am sure many of you will give more. In this country we are excused the duty of universal military service, and when a very small fraction of our men undertake the entire duty of national defence, the least we others can do is to see that none of those they leave behind comes to want.

PLEASE DON'T WASTE YOUR SUBSCRIPTION FORM!

Both the Services have always contributed liberally to the Fresh Air Fund, and I should like to think that the ROYAL, through the subscriptions of its readers, is now making a not unworthy return.

ONCE MORE, THANK YOU!

On behalf of Miss Gladys Cooper, who very kindly appealed this year in the ROYAL for the Fresh Air Fund, and myself, I thank very sincerely the following contributors:

Amounts previously acknowledged, £88 3s. 4d.

Miss Horsfell, £4; H. Watkins, 5s.; Miss Bullock, 8s.; L. Darbyshire, 4s. 6d.; Anon., 10s.; Col. E. Holloway, £1 1s.; T. Williams, 1s.; Miss Moore, 5s.; M. A. Franklin, £1; G., 1s; Two Little Chaps, £1; Miss Stenart and Margaret, 5s.; L. Jackson and E. Forde, £2; A. G. W., 6s.; Ship's Company H.M.S. *Savage*, £2 5s; L. Edmenson, 1s. 6d.; Anon., 5s. 3d.; R. Marriott, 10s.; Little David, 1s.; In His Name, 2s. 3d.; F. Bigley, 1s. 6d.; Miss Russell, 1s. 6d.; Sister, 10s.; Miss E. M. Bond, 5s.; Mrs. Steel, 4s. 6d.; P. Westwick, 1s. 6d.; J. M. Blake, 5s.; For the Children, £1; S. and M. Dodd; 3s. 9d.; R. Dalrymple, 5s. 3d.; Anon., 10d.; E. M. Dark, 2s. 6d.; Anon., 5s.; Miss N. Vivian, 2s.; D. Rudyard-Helpman, 10s.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; C. Crowther, 2s. 3d.; A. Ohlsson, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. J. Jones, 1s. 6d.; Mrs. Walker, 4s.; Anon., 10s.; T. J. Bordt, £2 2s.; Anon. 1s. 6d.; E. Acramen, 2s. 6d.; Miss Holland, £1; J. McRorie, 3s.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; Miss Hatton, 9d.; H. Churchill, £1; Anon., 5s.; M. and J. Batters, 1s. 6d.; Miss Sturmer, 2s. 6d; Well Wisher, 5s.; Faith, Hope, and Charity, 18s.; Anon., 1s.; A. Martin, 9d.; Winchester, 1s. 6d.; Miss Dickson, £1 4s. 9d.

Grand (ROYAL) Total—£115 8s 2d.

Miss Cooper, it will be remembered, generously offers to present a signed portrait of herself to all subscribers of £1 and upwards.

OUR £1000 COMPETITION.

The enthusiasm aroused by our big competition continues, but I should like to impress on any readers who have not yet entered that there is still plenty of time in which to do so. Back numbers containing the pictures which have appeared already may be obtained either from newsagents or from us; for full particulars please see page 533.

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SECRETS OF BEAUTY.

SELECTED RECIPES FROM HERE AND THERE.
—THINGS EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW.

BEAUTIFUL hair adds immensely to the personal magnetism of both men and women. Actresses and smart women are ever on the look out for any harmless thing that will increase the natural beauty of their hair. The latest method is to use pure stallax as a shampoo on account of the peculiarly glossy, fluffy and wavy effect which it leaves. As stallax has never been used much for this purpose it comes to the chemist only in ½lb. sealed original packages, enough for twenty-five or thirty shampoos. A teaspoonful of the fragrant stallax granules, dissolved in a cup of hot water, is more than sufficient for each shampoo. It is very beneficial and stimulating to the hair, apart from its beautifying effect.

* * * * *

HOW to permanently, not merely temporarily, remove a downy growth of disfiguring superfluous hair is what many women wish to know. It is a pity that it is not more generally known that pure powdered pheminol, obtainable from the chemists, may be used for this purpose. It is applied directly to the objectionable hair. The recommended treatment not only instantly removes the hair, leaving no trace, but is designed also to kill the roots completely.

* * * * *

A PERSISTENTLY shiny nose or a dull, lifeless complexion drives many a woman to cosmetics and consequent despair. And all the time a simple remedy lies at hand in the home. If you have no cleminite in the house you need only get about an ounce from your chemist and add just sufficient water to dissolve it. A little of this simple lotion is Nature's own beautifier. It is very good for the skin and instantly gives the complexion a soft, velvety, youthful bloom that any woman might envy. It lasts all day or evening, renders powdering entirely unnecessary, and absolutely defies detection.

* * * * *

MANY a charming face is spoiled by straight, lank and excessively greasy hair. Naturally curly hair gives a most charming effect to even a plain face, a fact which unfortunately has been known for many years. This knowledge alone has resulted in the ruination of thousands of heads of beautiful hair by slow torture, from that terrible instrument the curling iron. Imagine, if you can, how the living hair squirms and twists under such treatment. Yet this is the very result you aim at. Well, I have no doubt that each one individually is of the opinion that the results justify the means, but let me tell you that the reckoning will have to be paid, and in a manner which will be far from pleasant. The twists and curls created by the hot iron are the hairs' dying contortions, and it is only a question of time when you will have no hair left to torture. If it is absolutely necessary to have wavy hair then there is a far more simple and harmless process, which any woman may adopt without fear as to the results. Get from your chemist two ounces of silmerine, and pour about two tablespoonfuls into a saucer. With a clean toothbrush apply this to the hair upon retiring. You will be quite amazed at the result, and one application will last for many days Damp weather need have no terrors for you if you take these simple precautions, and straight, wispy tails will be converted into tight little curls giving a charming and pretty effect even to a plain face.

NOTE.—Silmerine has not been used to any extent for this purpose, but most chemists keep a small supply in stock.

* * * * *

DOES your skin chap or roughen easily, or become unduly red or blotchy? Let me tell you a quick and easy way to overcome the trouble and keep your complexion beautifully white, smooth and soft. Just get some ordinary mercolised wax at the chemists and use a little before retiring as you would use cold cream. The wax, through some peculiar action, flecks off the rough, discoloured or blemished skin. The worn out cuticle comes off just like dandruff on a diseased scalp only in almost invisible particles. Mercolised wax simply hastens Nature's work, which is the rational and proper way to attain a perfect complexion. so much sought after but very seldom seen, The process is perfectly simple and quite harmless.

PARKER BELMONT'S CLYNOL BERRIES FOR OBESITY.—ADVT.

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IN THE DAYS OF QUEEN ELIZABETH

"Chairman"

Now, old comrades, I have here a jar of ye righte stuffe.

It burneth well and biteth not the tongue, but pleaseth with every pipe. So let us to a merrie evening, with good tobacco to banish dull care, and lend enjoyment to the passing hour.

'Tis Chairman! ye righte stuffe!

Boardman's is the same tobacco milder, and **Recorder** the same but fuller flavoured.

6d. per oz. everywhere.

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THE CULT OF BEAUTY.

A RARE COLLECTION OF BEAUTY HINTS FROM NEAR AND FAR—HOME RECIPES.

TO women who are annoyed by disfiguring downy hair growths a method of permanently eradicating the same will come as a piece of good news. For this purpose pure powdered pheminol may be used. Almost any chemist should be able to supply an ounce of this drug. The recommended treatment is designed not only to remove the disfiguring growth instantly, leaving no trace, but also to actually kill the hair roots without irritating the skin. * * * Objectionable body odours resulting from perspiration and other causes may be instantly banished by simply applying a little powdered (white) pergol to the affected surface occasionally.

* * * * *

A DISTRESSING lack of hair will mar the most beautiful face, and after all there is really no need to have poor or impoverished hair if a few common-sense rules are observed. First of all, hair tonics must be freshly made in order to obtain the best results, and thousands of women, and men, too, are now making up their own lotions with most satisfactory results. For this purpose they obtain from the chemists one ounce of boranium and mix this with ¼-pint of bay rum, quite a simple formula, and according to all accounts remarkably effective. This simple home-made lotion quickly removes all dandruff, and creates a growth of new healthy hair which will gladden the heart of any woman. One word in conclusion. Do not experiment with your hair, long suffering though it may be. Nature will surely revolt if you continue to subject the hair and scalp to all kinds of fanciful treatments. Employ a tonic by all means if such is required, but having found a satisfactory one, use no other.

* * * * *

SOAPS and artificial shampoos ruin many beautiful heads of hair. Few people know that a teaspoonful of good stallax dissolved in a cup of hot water has a natural affinity for the hair and makes the most delightful shampoo imaginable. It leaves the hair brilliant, soft and wavy, cleanses the scalp completely and greatly stimulates the hair growth. The only draw-back is that stallax seems rather expensive, as it comes to the chemist only in sealed ¼-lb. packages, which retail at half-a-crown. However, as this is sufficient for twenty-five or thirty shampoos, it really works out very cheaply in the end.

* * * * *

EVERY normal woman is always interested in any plan by which she can quickly enhance her beauty, provided the plan is perfectly safe and simple. Ever since the discovery that ordinary cleminite, such as any chemist can supply, is an instantaneous and harmless beautifier, there has been a growing demand for it from smart women everywhere. They usually get about an ounce and add just enough water to dissolve it. A little of this perfectly harmless lotion gives a beautiful complexion to any face instantly. It renders face powder quite unnecessary. Moreover, its use cannot be detected. The skin is instantly beautified but appears perfectly natural under the closest scrutiny. * * * To make the eyelashes grow long, dark and curling, apply a little mennaline with the finger tips occasionally. It is absolutely harmless and beautifies the eyebrows as well.

* * * * *

IF the excessive user of cosmetics only knew the impression her artificiality really makes upon others, she would quickly seek the means of gaining a natural complexion. Let her acquire the mercolised wax habit, discarding make-up entirely, and she will soon have the kind of complexion that women envy, and men admire. It is so easy to get a little mercolised wax from the chemist and use it nightly like cold cream, washing it off in the morning. Gradually the lifeless, soiled outer cuticle peels off in tiny invisible flakes, and in a week or so you have a brand-new complexion, clear, soft, velvety, and of girlish colour and texture. The treatment is so simple, harmless, and marvellously effective, the wonder is that every woman whose skin is withered and discoloured has not already adopted it.

PARKER BELMONT'S CLYNOL BERRIES FOR OBESITY.—[ADVT.]

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Chairman is satisfaction at sixpence an ounce. To pay more is to gain nothing. To pay less is to lose much.

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Beauty Secrets Revealed

By "MIMOSA."

HAIR CULTURE.

A DISTRESSING lack of hair will mar the most beautiful face, and after all there is really no need to have poor or impoverished hair if a few common-sense rules are observed. First of all, hair tonics must be freshly made in order to obtain the best results, and thousands of women, and men, too, are now making up their own lotions with most satisfactory results. For this purpose they obtain from the chemists one ounce of boranium and mix this with ¼-pint of bay rum, quite a simple formula, and according to all accounts remarkably effective. This simple home-made lotion quickly removes all dandruff, and creates a growth of new healthy hair which will gladden the heart of any woman. One word in conclusion. Do not experiment with your hair, long suffering though it may be. Nature will surely revolt if you continue to subject the hair and scalp to all kinds of fanciful treatments. Employ a tonic by all means if such is required, but having found a satisfactory one, use no other.

RENEWING COMPLEXIONS.

THE average woman of to-day is usually satisfied if her complexion is passably pretty, little knowing that an exquisite skin is now within her reach, providing she has the good sense to stop using cheap made-up preparations, and adopt what has now become known as the mercolised wax habit. It is a pity that every woman in the land cannot be apprised of this simple method. The few to whom its virtues are already known have complexions that are the envy of all their friends, and, as is usually the case, the majority of them refuse to divulge the secret. However, the formula has now been verified, and is known as mercolised wax. Enquiry at several chemists' shops have resulted in ascertaining that this substance has been known to the select few for some years as a complexion beautifier, but it is only until quite recently that it has been used to any extent for this purpose. It was also explained how mercolised wax renews the complexion, but as this is rather technical it is not proposed to repeat it here. It will be sufficient to say that through some peculiar action the wax absorbs the dead and discoloured outer cuticle, revealing the fresh young complexion which every woman has *underneath*. The process occupies about ten days, and the change is so gradual and imperceptible that no discomfort whatever is caused. The treatment is perfectly harmless, and the wax may be used as often as desired.

TO KEEP THE HAIR IN CURL.

WAVY curling hair is desired by practically every woman who values her appearance. Who can look pretty with wisps of straggling hair falling over the face? Life is robbed of half its pleasure, for it is undoubtedly the wavy-haired girl who wins hearts and admiration in every sphere of life. Cunning little kiss curls and dainty coiffures have done more to win husbands than actual good looks, and it behoves every girl to pay particular attention to this important part of her toilet. The trouble so far has been the difficulty of inducing straight greasy hair to assume a wave or curl of any description without the use of the injurious waving iron, and even then the result only lasts a few hours at most, as the hair immediately becomes straight again upon going out into a damp atmosphere. Happily this is all a thing of the past, and wavy natural curls may now be created under any circumstances by the occasional use of liquid silmerine, which may be obtained at any chemist's shop. Get about two ounces and pour a little into a saucer, apply with a clean tooth-brush just before retiring. The result will be a complete surprise for you upon finding that your straight lank hair has been transformed into tight little curls which give a charming and pretty appearance even to a plain face. Silmerine improves the colour and texture of the hair, and leaves no harmful effect whatever.

PARKER BELMONT'S CLYNOL BERRIES FOR OBESITY. ALL CHEMISTS.—[ADVT]

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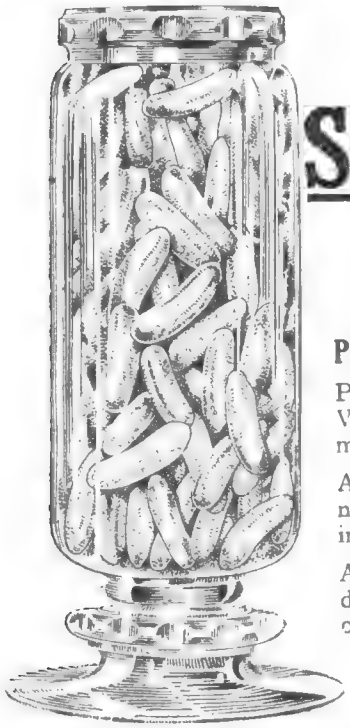

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Toilet Recipes OF Rare Distinction

By "MIMOSA."

Superfluous Hair.

IT is astonishing the number of women who suffer from this humiliating affliction, and I am sorry to say that through ignorance or wrong treatment the majority of them have made matters considerably worse by causing the hairs to grow more quickly and stronger than before. It only requires a little thought to realise the folly of it all. Removing the surface growth for a few days may give temporary relief, but in order to obtain permanent results the hair roots must be killed. Caustic depilatories are worse than useless, and on no account should the hairs be pulled out. Apart from the electric needle, which is a costly and painful process, any chemist will tell you that the best home treatment is pure powdered pheminol, which has a devitalising effect upon the hair roots, in addition to which it removes all trace of the objectionable hair in a few seconds, and gradually, but surely, dissolves out the hair follicles, which is the only method of permanently ridding oneself of this terrible disfigurement.

A Novel Shampoo.

NOW what about that shampoo? Presumably like a good many others you follow blindly in the beaten track, without a moment's thought as to where it will eventually lead you. It is an impossibility to expect the same make of shampoo to suit each individual head of hair. In some cases it would take out too much of the natural oil, and in others not enough. Fair folks require a milder shampoo than those with dark tresses; therefore the logical course to pursue is to make your own shampoo and graduate the strength according to the susceptibilities of your hair. Before leaving the subject I should like to mention that a few months ago my local chemist recommended me to try ordinary stallax in place of the usual made-up powders, and I must say that this substance, to my mind, forms an ideal medium for the purpose mentioned. If anything, it makes the hair rather too fluffy and wavy, but some folks prefer it so.

How to Obtain a Queenly Complexion.

THE average woman of to-day is usually satisfied if her complexion is passably pretty, little knowing that an exquisite skin is now within her reach, providing she has the good sense to stop using cheap made-up preparations, and adopt what has now become known as the mercolised wax habit. It is a pity that every woman in the land cannot be apprised of this simple method. The few to whom its virtues are already known have complexions that are the envy of all their friends, and, as is usually the case, the majority of them refuse to divulge the secret. However, the formula has now been verified, and is known as mercolised wax. Enquiry at several chemists' shops has resulted in ascertaining that this substance has been known to the select few for some years as a complexion beautifier, but it is only quite recently that it has been used to any extent for this purpose. It was also explained how mercolised wax renews the complexion, but as this is rather technical it is not proposed to repeat it here. It will be sufficient to say that through some peculiar action the wax absorbs the dead and discoloured outer cuticle, revealing the fresh young complexion which every woman has *underneath*. The process occupies about ten days, and the change is so gradual and imperceptible that no discomfort whatever is caused. The treatment is perfectly harmless, and the wax may be used as often as desired.

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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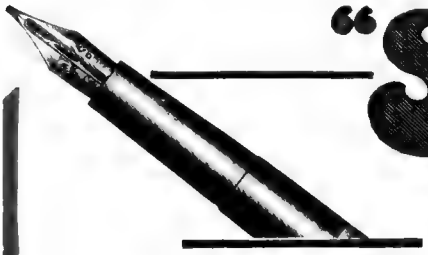

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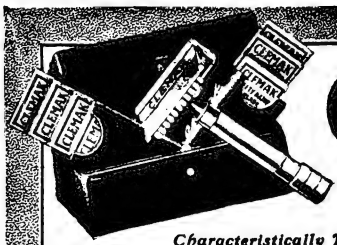

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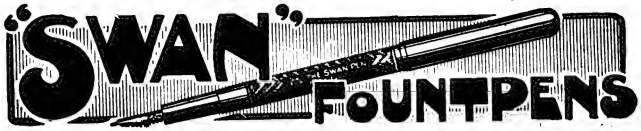

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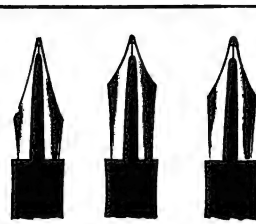

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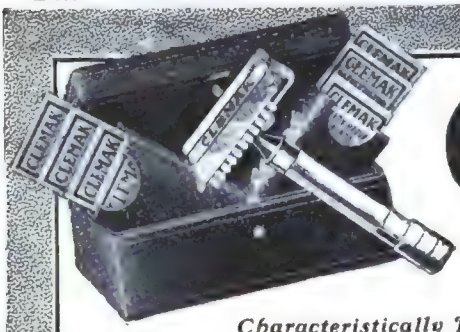

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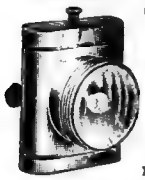

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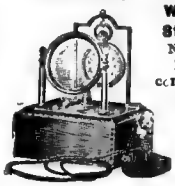

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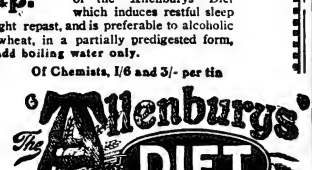

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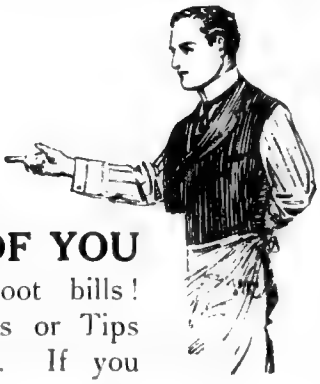

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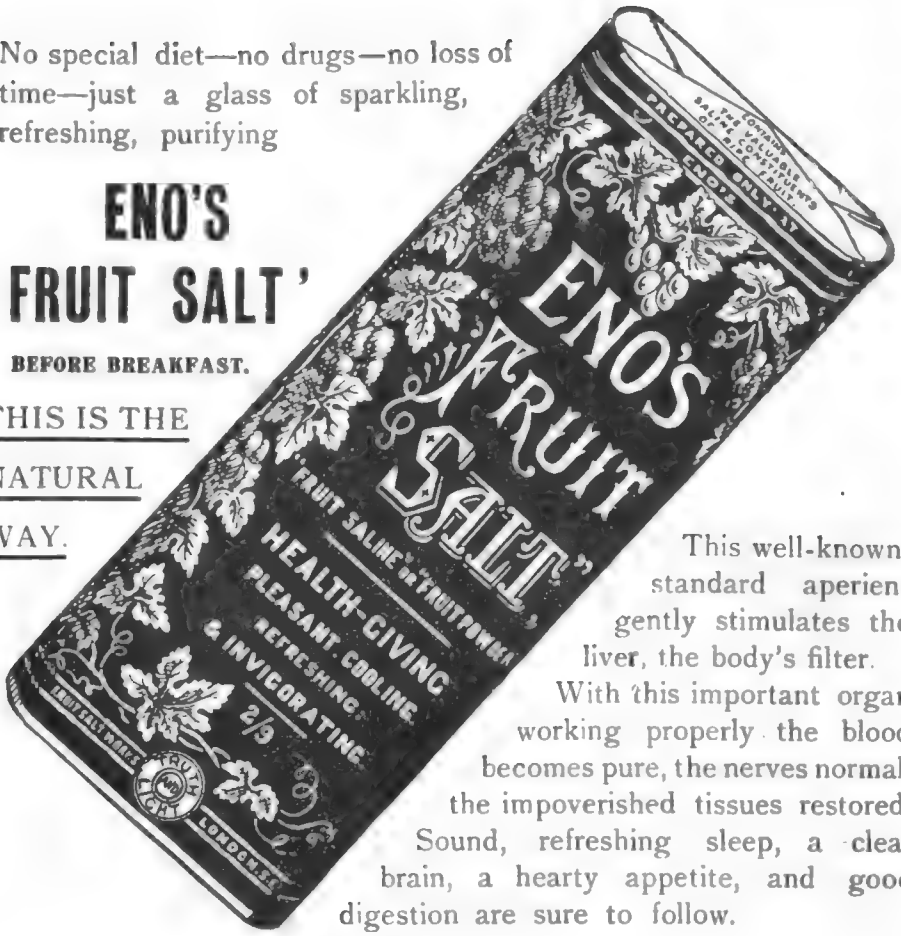

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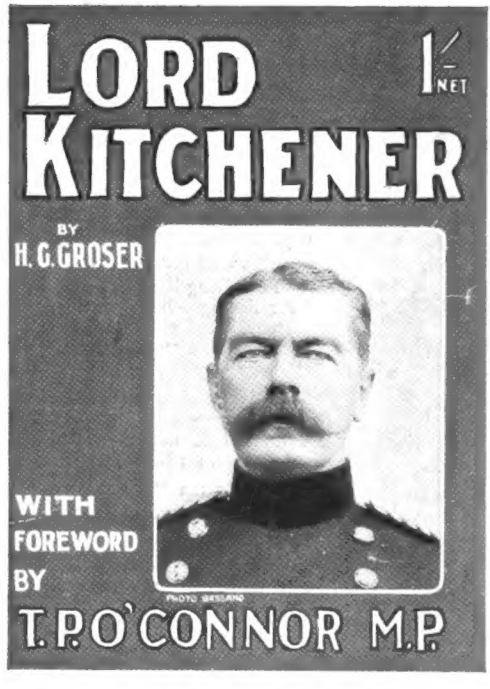

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